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{ From Beginning,
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"NO MORE SEA."

AY, artists come to paint it; and writers to
put in a book,
How grand in storm, and fair in calm, the old
North Sea can look.

I've wondered to hear them talking, how to
mimic in music or song,
The voice that thrills the brooding air with its
thunder low and long;

Since never aught but itself, I wot, could
sound like its angry roar,
When its breakers rise to the east winds' call,
to crash on the rocky shore.

But rough or smooth, in shade or shine, the
face of the mighty main
Can speak of little else to me, but memory,
fear or pain.

Father and husband, and bold, bright boy, it
has taken them one by one;
I shall lie alone in the churchyard there, when
my weary days are done.

God never sent me a maiden bairn, to stay by
me to the last,
So I sit by the restless tides alone, by the
grave of all my past;

By the waves so strong and pitiless, that have
drowned life's joy for me,
And think of "the land where all shall meet,
the land where is no more sea."

Yet I cannot rest in meadow or fell, or the
quiet inland lanes,
Where the great trees spread their rustling
arms over the smiling plains.

I can't draw breath in the country, all shad-
owed, and green and dumb,
The want of the sea is at my heart, I hear it
calling, "Come."

I hearken, and rise and follow; perhaps my
men down there,
Where the bright shells gleam, and the fishes
dart 'mid seaweeds' tangles fair,

Will find me best, if still on earth, when the
angel's trump is blown,
On the sand-reach, or the tall cliff-side, ere we
pass to the great white throne.

So summer and winter, all alone, by the break-
er's lip I wait,
Till I see the red light flush the clouds, as He
opens the golden gate;

And though at the sound of the rising waves I
oftimes tremble and weep,
When the air is void of their glorious voice I
can neither rest nor sleep.

And the strangest of all the promises writ in
the Book, to me,
Is how on the shores of Paradise, "there shall
be no more sea."

All The Year Round.

[Some time since we published a poem of Mr. F. We
Bourdillon's entitled "Two Robbers," which we
now give, together with an answer not heretofore
published.]

TWO ROBBERS.

WHEN Death from some fair face
Is stealing life away,
All weep save she the grace
That earth must lose to-day.

When Time from some fair face
Steals beauty year by year;
For her slow-fading grace
Who gives save she a tear?

Yet Death not often dares
To wake the world's distress,
While Time, the cunning, mars
Surely all loveliness.

And though by breath and breath,
Fades all our fairest prime;
Men shrink from cruel Death,
But honor crafty Time.

A BORROWER.

AN ANSWER TO MR. BOURDILLON.

While Time, the cunning, mars
Surely all loveliness.

THE sculptor's chisel mars
The marble's spotless snow;
But by those cruel scars
New loveliness doth grow.

A form of ideal grace
Slept in the smooth white stone;
The steel's relentless trace,
That nobler charm has won.

Time's chisels, hard and stern,
May youthful beauty slay;
But beauty they return
More perfect every way.

We cared not for the stone,
Nor for its faultless white;
But on the statue grown,
We gaze in fixed delight.

W. P. A.

From The British Quarterly Review.
DANIEL MANIN.

"It is written that when heaven and earth were not, the Eternal begat two sons, one to pray and offer up sacrifice, the other to say 'Perhaps.'" So the Persian seer accounted for the beginning of all things — faith and doubt, light and darkness, Ormuzd and Ahriman. Of divine things that seer of the East knew but little, or at least could express but little; of things human he was a true prophet — a prophet, that is to say, possessed of the second sight which sees across what seems to what is: a prophet having the eye that pierces through the city mist of corporeal exhalations into the clear mountain air above our heads, wherein the mysteries of the soul stand unveiled to the gaze that can reach them. In these old words of his is uttered the world's history, — the history of the few, the heroes, the martyrs, the saints, who "pray and offer up sacrifice," who believe all things, hope all things, endure all things; the history of the many who look on, who keep aloof, who deride, who say "Perhaps!" And the grand puzzle of whether or not there abides a moral in man's biography resolves itself very much into the question, of these two classes of men, which wins?

Five and thirty years ago, Venice lay upon her waters as a ship becalmed. "Order reigned" more completely there than in any other corner of the despotisms of Europe. Venice was very quiet; but hers was the quiet, not of wholesome rest, but of one who has been dosed with narcotics. So successfully, however, had she been "sent to sleep," that her foes, and some of those who loved her best, were of opinion she would never wake up again. People had been crying, "*Finis Venetie*," for the matter of that, ever since 1798, when old Manin, the last of the doges, fell senseless and dying to the ground as he was opening his lips to pronounce the oath of allegiance to the House of Hapsburg. But in 1844 the echo of a far-off bugle caused Venice, if not to wake, at least to move uneasily, to give that long-drawn sigh which sometimes in the lethargy that follows fever startles the

watchers into asking, is this coming death, or returning life? In that year of 1844 a little company of eighteen men landed in the extreme south of the Italian peninsula just as the greyness of the evening twilight was creeping over the olive and orange trees along the shore once trodden by Pythagoras and his disciples. As these men set foot on the Calabrian soil, one of the two young brothers, who were the leaders of the little company, exclaimed, "*Ecco la patria nostra! Tu ci hai data la vita, e noi la spenderemo per te*" ("Behold our fatherland! Thou hast given us life, and we will spend it for thee"). Nearly every member of the band had already worn the crown of thorns of sacrifice and suffering upon his brow, and especially these brothers. Sons of a Venetian patrician, their father's name was yet a patrimony that needed cleansing of a stain such as will perhaps only come out with blood. This Venetian noble was an Austrian admiral guilty of the arrest of certain fugitive Italian patriots on the high seas, in open defiance, not alone of right, but also of legality. He had placed both his sons in the Austrian navy, in which they were getting on amazingly well, as the phrase goes, when the time came for them to give up "getting on" in that line of life, or in any other, for the sake of something higher than all personal advancement. They deserted and went to Corfu, there to concert a plan of rousing, if not of freeing, their unhappy country. While they were in that island, the eldest, Attilio, suffered the loss of a fair and devoted young wife, who died uncomplaining, but with her heart broken; while the youngest, Emilio, had to resist the supplicating tears of his mother, who was empowered by the archduke Ranieri to offer him entire restitution of rank and honors if only he would return to the service. In 1844 they resolved on their expedition to Calabria, against the urgent counsellings of those who loved them and Italy; but they, thinking to serve their country better by dying than by living, stood firm in their determination, and started on their mad enterprise with certain, unavoidable death, staring them in the face. With them, amongst others, was a gentle and beautiful youth named Dome-

nico Moro, also a Venetian, who like the brothers had served in the Austrian navy. He was lieutenant on board the corvette "Adria," and had, conjointly with George Wellesley, commanded a party of Austrians and English who were sent to the shore of Nakhora, between Pyne and Ain, for the purpose of arming the inhabitants of that branch of Lebanon which runs up from the coast towards Mount Hermon, and encloses Lake Merom and the springs of the Jordan. The Italian and the Englishman became fast friends; and before us we have a little poem that has never appeared in print, which Moro addressed to Wellesley whilst they sat by the camp fire at Nakhora, on the 7th of October, 1840.

The little band, as we have said, landed in Calabria that June evening, the time and place having been fixed by the hired spy who was in their midst, and who acted on the instructions of the Austrian government, which in its turn acted on the information supplied by English ministers, and by them obtained by tampering with the letters which the brothers, "trusting," as they said, "to the loyalty of the English post-office," had sent through that channel. As sheep they were led to the slaughter; and after wandering for a few days in the mountains they were captured in a valley not far from Cosenza. They made a brave resistance to the force five times their number by which they were surrounded. Some died fighting; the others were taken to Cosenza and nine of them shot; amongst these were the brothers Bandiera and Domenico Moro. Before execution, a Catholic priest offered them his services, but they mildly refused them, telling him to go and preach to their oppressed brothers. "We have thought," they said, "to practise the law of the gospel, and to make it triumph, at the price even of our blood. We hope that our works will recommend us to God better than your words." And with a cry of "*Viva PItalia*" these nine men calmly died. Such was their fashion of offering up prayer and sacrifice.

We are not here writing the history of the brothers Bandiera, but this much it has seemed well to say of them, because their

name has a significance which is both wide and deep in regard to what came after in Italy, and particularly in Venice. This enterprise, headed by Venetians in Calabria, attested the solidarity of the new school of Italian patriotism, of which Mazzini was founder and master; attested too in a glaring light the solidarity of Italian despotisms; proved, in fine, that the "insane dream of Italian unity," as it was styled then and much later, was a thing written down with a sure hand in the book of the future. And when Venice heard how her sons had exchanged the exile's thorn crown for the martyr's aureole, she moved uneasily in her sleep; and some saw in it the sign of death, and some the sign of awakening.

Five and thirty years ago there was living in Venice, quietly, and without there being much talk about him, an advocate, with his wife and their two children — Giorgio, a manly boy, and Emilia, a delicate but unusually gifted girl. The father of this boy and girl was in the prime of life, but had weak health. From his early childhood life had been a continual burden to him; and now, though he worked hard in support of his family, he was subject to frequent attacks of acute suffering, alternating with a perpetual feeling of weariness, such as would have made many a man think himself entitled to the indolence of the invalid. But in this case the weakness of the body, instead of gaining mastery over the mental faculties, seemed incessantly to spur them into action, or rather, perhaps, an indomitable will conquered both this physical lassitude, and also the melancholy upon which nature appeared to have based his character, though on the surface there was much of brightness and gaiety. He seemed to thirst insatiably after knowledge. Deeply versed in the abstrusest forms of jurisprudence, he had written upon Venetian laws, and had translated a learned legal work from the French. Another of his publications was a Greek translation. Besides these languages he was conversant with Hebrew, Latin, English, and German. As a relaxation from his graver studies, he made researches in the Venetian *patois*, and edited a dictionary of that dialect.

There were not very great opportunities for an advocate to distinguish himself in those times — no public pleading was allowed, and a counsel might only be consulted in civil cases, when the defence was made in writing. Thus there was not much talk about this Venetian advocate, and yet in a quiet way he had begun to attract the attention of two powers — the Austrian government and the Venetian people. What both one and the other thought about him may be gathered from a private memorandum set down in the secret annals of the Austrian police, which states him to have won public esteem by his high moral conduct, his talents, and the disinterestedness of his character. Further, it says he is a profound jurist, and an able speaker, who understands how to expound his ideas in an admirably clear and orderly manner. He was, in short, just the kind of man whom it is particularly disagreeable for a despotic government to have amongst its subjects.

In person this advocate was short rather than tall, of spare figure, with light blue eyes, in which there was great animation, and thick dark chestnut hair. The face was not handsome but it was extremely mobile and expressive, such a face as might have done well for an actor. He was the son of a Venetian Jew, who had embraced the Christian religion, and in accordance with the prevailing custom had adopted the patronymic of the noble family to which his sponsor belonged. This was the family of the last Venetian doge, and the name was Manin.

Daniel Manin had grown up from his childhood to hate the Austrian rule. Such hate was the only conceivable attitude of mind for any Venetian in whom the commonest instincts of patriotism were not wholly dead. If France, after having got into England by a sort of a sham of alliance, were to sell — say Hampshire — to the Germans in exchange for the left bank of the Rhine, we suppose the Hampshire folk would not settle down comfortably as an appanage to Kaiser Wilhelm's empire, even though the potentates of Europe should ratify a new treaty of Vienna, wherein it was provided by an absurd jumble of principles that the Rhine should

be given back to its former owners, but that the imperial standard should still float over Portsmouth dockyard. Manin's first political act seems to date back as far as 1830, when he drew up a manifesto summoning the Venetians to revolt. Its authorship was never discovered, and its effect *nil*; for the ill success of the movements in other parts of Italy made an immediate Venetian insurrection out of the question, even supposing that Venice was ripe for it, which may be doubted, since the despair of impotence had eaten into her heart, and she looked on her masters as upon a well-nigh unassailable power. The great thing needful was therefore to break through the charm — to find the heel of Achilles — to prove, in a small way it might be, and yet incontestably, that Austria, though strong, was not invulnerable, and that Venice, though weak, was not powerless. To this end Manin conceived his plan of legal opposition. To discover any means of opposition that were admitted to be legal was in those days a matter of no small difficulty; but it is one of the inconveniences under which despotic governments labor, that when all legitimate channels for the expression of political opinions are stifled, other ways remain open with which they can interfere only at the price of heaping ridicule upon themselves. Thus the shape of a hat may imperil a dynasty. Thus the squabble about the proposed railway between Venice and Milan became the first serious check which Austrian domination had received in Venetia. The company formed for the purpose of constructing this line was composed of German and Italian bankers, who disagreed as to the route to be adopted, the viceroy siding with the German interest in the affair. Manin was retained by the Italians in support of their proposals, and conducted the case with marked ability. The incident ended in the company breaking up and the railway not being undertaken till many years later. Some while after, Manin made a remarkable speech at the Venetian Athenæum, in which he demonstrated the obligation of thinkers and orators to stimulate men of action. He deplored the lethargy of Venice, and the sale of the palaces of the old doges "to kings

and ballet-dancers." He suggested the institution of a commercial school of mercantile navigation, and recommended an inquiry as to the best means of profiting by European commerce with the East and England's connection with India, which have only been turned to account during the last ten years. Then came Mr. Cobden's visit to Venice, an event which precisely fell in with Manin's legal agitation programme. All Italy was just then in the height of enthusiasm over free trade, which in reality grew transformed into the symbol of political emancipation. This Manchester crusade afforded a golden opportunity for feeling the national pulse, and sowing the seeds of cohesion and co-operative action. In every case the men who fêted Mr. Cobden played notable parts in the later development of the Italian movement. At Genoa it was Massimo d'Azeglio; at Naples, Mancini; at Bologna, Minghetti; at Turin, Cavour and Scialoja; at Florence, Ridolfi; at Venice, Manin and Tommaseo.

In September, 1847, the Scientific Congress, meeting in the great council hall of the doge's palace, appointed Manin one of the commissioners charged to make a report on the charitable institutions of Venice; and in the course of his investigations, with this object in view, he came upon a man confined in the lunatic asylum of San Servilio, whom the doctors admitted to be sane, but feared to discharge him, lest it should be contrary to the intention of the government and the police. Manin instantly wrote a memorial, in which he stated that "he had a better opinion" of these authorities than to believe it to be their desire to create madmen by decree, and turn the hospitals into prison ante-rooms. Count Palffy, the civil governor, is said to have been exceedingly annoyed by this memorial, and to have remarked, "We must let the man out and put Manin in his place."

In the course of these years of legal opposition Manin again and again proved that the Austrians governed illegally by the showing of their own laws. Now the greatest sham in the whole system of Austrian administration was what were called the Central and Provincial Congregations—a species of representative bodies whose prerogative, even in writing, extended no farther than the communication of the necessities, wishes, and petitions of the Lombards and Venetians to the Imperial Council, but which in fact had never succeeded, during the thirty-two years of their existence, in performing this very limited

function. But in December, 1847, Nazari, the Bergamo deputy in the Lombard Congregation, roused that assembly into forwarding to the emperor a project of reform, an innovation which received a prompt reply from Vienna in the shape of additional troops swelling the Milanese garrison. Imitating this example, Manin petitioned to the Venetian Congregation to perform its constitutional duty of making the emperor cognizant of the wants of the nation; and Niccolò Tommaseo, the learned author of a dictionary of Italian synonyms and other valuable works, drew up an address to the authorities, in which he attributed the stagnation of literature in upper Italy to the total overriding of the clause in the patent of 1815 providing for the liberty of the press. For these proceedings Manin and Tommaseo were arrested on the 18th of January, 1848, and thrown into prison on the indictment of high treason. The result of this measure might have been foreseen. On the morrow of the arrest the walls of Venice were broken out in placards of "*Viva l'Italia!*" "*Viva Manin e Tommaseo!*" and the still more ominous "*Morte ai Tedeschi!*"

Two months later, the smouldering fires of Venetian hatred burst into a conflagration. Half Europe was in flames by this time, even Vienna had joined lustily in the great king-chase. On March the 17th a vast crowd of the Venetian populace gathered under the windows of Count Palffy and clamored for the release of Manin and Tommaseo. Had he answered by dispersing the crowd then and there, cost what it might, it has been conjectured that the insurrection might have been checked, but we think mistakenly. Obviously, however, such a course of action would have formed the Austrians' best chance; and had it been joined to the despatch of a strong garrison to the arsenal, it seems probable that the revolution would have dwindled into a simple rising. As it was, Palffy yielded, with the words, "I do what I ought not." The people rushed off to the prison, that famous dreary pile across the Bridge of Sighs, over which Venice's chiefest dignitary had once passed from the doge's chair to the dungeon of the condemned. This time the order of things was reversed: the prison led to the palace, not the palace to the prison. The human hurricane wave swept up the dark corridors and told the prisoners their duration was done. Manin did not lose his presence of mind; one more act of the legal struggle remained to be played out.

He would not stir until he had seen the warrant of his release. It was speedily produced, and he was carried off upon the shoulders of the people—pale and unshaven and in prison garments, a living torch of revolt. So he was borne to the Piazza San Marco, where, no one knew by whom, the red and white and green was hoisted on the historic *pili*—the monster flagstaves which of old supported the conquered gonfalons of Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea, and from which for long years had streamed the yellow and black of Austria. For the first time Manin's magically persuasive voice sounded in St. Mark's Square. He knew not, he said, to what events he owed his liberation, but he could see that love of country and national spirit had made great strides whilst he had been in prison. "But forget not," he continued, "that there is no true or lasting freedom without order, and of order you must make yourselves the jealous guardians, if you would show that you are worthy to be free." Then he added the significant words: "Yet there are times pointed out by the finger of Providence when insurrection is not only a right, but a duty."

St. Mark's shall strike that hour!

Towards nightfall the big danger-tocsin of the Ducal Chapel was heard pealing forth its solemn tones. No one knew who set it going; no one guessed why the Austrians did not stop it; but the people flocked to the Piazza, hearing in it the signal of revolution. The square was cleared by a bayonet charge. On that occasion and on the morning following blood was shed and lives lost in thus dispersing unarmed crowds, and all too late to do anything but mischief to the Austrian cause. Too late! That tocsin of St. Mark rang the knell of the Schwarz-Gelb in Venice.

On the four succeeding days Count Palffy continued governor of the city, but his power was gone. The viceroy telegraphed from Verona the concession of the enrolment of two hundred citizens as a civic guard: before sunset three thousand were under arms. Manin addressed to them the words, "Let every one who will not implicitly obey me, depart." No one went. Here then was the nucleus, without which the movement must have proved abortive or fallen into anarchy. Count Palffy, not a bad man by any means, and personally not disliked, made himself the object of a transitory enthusiasm by telling the people of the constitution which had

been granted to the Viennese, and saying that for his part nothing would please him better than to be the first constitutional governor of Venice. The people cried good-naturedly, "*Viva Palffy!*" but the heart of Venice was set on something more than an amelioration of Austrian rule, even had there been the slightest prospect of such amelioration becoming a reality. It was set upon the one inevitable aim of a people bartered into the hands of aliens—independence, no more, no less. On the eve of the 22nd it was plain that the anomalous state of things that had prevailed since the 17th could last no longer. On the one side, several sections of the city were trembling on the verge of anarchy; on the other, an Italian naval officer assured Manin that a bombardment was imminent. Manin rejoined, "To-morrow the city will be in my power, or I shall be dead." That same evening Manin and his guards had with some trouble rescued Colonel Marinovich, second in command at the arsenal, from the dockyard workmen, who were in a state of mutiny, and vowed they would kill him. Marinovich was safely got on board an Austrian man-of-war at the moorings, and to appease the workmen he was induced to promise that he would immediately resign his command. This Marinovich was by birth a Venetian, which doubly incensed the population against his extraordinary zeal for the Austrian interest. Moreover there was a general prejudice against him, because it was said that he had been formerly half spy, half gaoler, of the amiable young archduke Frederick, commander-in-chief of the Austrian navy, in which capacity he had won the affection of many of the Italian marines, and who was the victim of an unhappy passion that Marinovich was set to cure, but the patient died under his treatment. His roughness and severity had long exasperated the workmen of the arsenal, who were now furthermore irritated by the idea that he was evolving a plan of blowing up Venice, which, however far it may have been from the truth, got a strong hold on the popular imagination during those feverish days. Throughout the whole of the night of the 21st of March Manin was in conference with the municipality and the leading patriots as to what should be the rallying cry of the revolution. Manin knew there was but one which at this perilous juncture would unite the city in harmonious action, one only which would knit together the wide hopes of the future with the memories of thirteen hundred years of freedom—THE REPUBLIC AND

SAINT MARK! The others hesitated. One said sadly to Manin, "The people are incapable of sacrifices." He answered, "You do not know them; I know them, and that is my sole merit." At length, as day dawned, they agreed that he was right. Manin then resolved to take the arsenal at all hazards. He sent urgent demands to the officers of the civic guard to place the command in his hands—simple captain though he was—for one day; but they deemed the scheme infatuated, and refused to put their men at the "mercy of a madman." Manin almost despaired. Meanwhile wild work had been going on at the arsenal. Marinovich had returned, and the workmen had fallen upon him and savagely murdered him. In the same moment with this bad news came in the reply of Major Olivieri, the last of the commanders of the civic guard, and he, unlike his brother officers, placed his battalion at Manin's disposal. There was no time to be lost: some one must seize the helm if the ship was not to be wrecked. Manin grasped his sword, and calling his son, a lad of sixteen, to follow him, set out on his momentous errand. What guards he met on his way joined him, and he found Major Olivieri and his men awaiting his orders. With this little band, numbering about two hundred, he marched into the arsenal and forced the commandant to surrender. By the inexplicable mismanagement of the Austrians, no troops were here stationed upon whom they could depend, and the marines, the Italian soldiers, and the workmen occupied themselves with fastening the tricolor cockade on to their caps. Thus "the madman" took the arsenal without striking a blow, and distributed arms and ammunition amongst the people. Then dragging out of the dusty corner where for fifty years it had lain hidden the grand old flag of St. Mark, Manin marched with it in triumph down the long length of the Riva dei Schiavoni, past the Molo, across the Piazzetta, into the Piazza, where he planted it in presence of a mighty multitude, for from early morning he had told the people "to meet him at noon in St. Mark's Square;" and there they were, and there he was, to tell them the great miraculous news that they were free.

It was well, he said, in a few temperate words, that this good thing had been achieved without a bloody conflict with the Austrians, for they too were brothers. "But when you overturn one government, you must set up another. Just now the one which seems best suited for us is the

republic. In adopting this kind of government, however, we do not separate ourselves from the rest of Italy, but rather form one more centre to work with the others for her ultimate unity." So the newborn republic was ushered into life. The civic guards swore with drawn swords to die in defence of it, and of its founder; the multitude mustering in the glorious Piazza gave themselves over to intoxicating joy—that joy surpassing all delirium of love or wine, all art-rapture, all triumph of satisfied ambition—the joy of victorious patriotism. Old men wept; young men kissed each other; enemies clasped hands; friends lifted them in exultant gratitude to Heaven. The people thus accepted their joy in all its plenitude, nor looked before or after; but in the spirit of one poor child the bitterness of the future mingled prophetically with this infinite sweetness of the present. When Emilia Manin stood under the arches of St. Mark's, and saw the kind good father who had often shared her mother's watches by her bedside, and had wept hot tears at not being able to assuage his little girl's sufferings, proclaimed his country's liberator by the voices of thousands, she was very sad. "I ought," she wrote, "to be filled with ineffable gladness; but a weight continually oppresses my heart."

Whilst Manin was engaged in taking the arsenal, the Central Congregation had sent the commandant of the civic guards to the civil and military governors (Counts Palffy and Zichy), with a demand for its surrender, which was met by a peremptory refusal. At that moment, however, the cries of the people announced its fall, and henceforth the two governors seemed to be struck with a moral paralysis. Their conduct has been variously attributed to lofty philanthropy and arrant cowardice: a key may possibly be found to it in the fact that they were not Austrians, but Hungarians. In our opinion, whatever blame they may have incurred as Austrian servants, is far more due to their behavior on the 17th of the month than on the 22nd; when, considering that the people were armed, and the Italian element in the garrison was strong, the issue of a hand-to-hand struggle was anything but certain. Palffy resigned his powers to Zichy, who yielded bit by bit to the inexorable demands of the Venetian deputation; and about seven o'clock in the evening he signed the convention which relegated his authority to a provisional government formed out of the Central Congregation and a committee of leading citizens, and

provided for the removal of all foreign troops, the surrender of the military chests and material of war, and the capitulation of the forts. It was further agreed that the foreign soldiery should be given three months' discharge pay, and that Count Zichy should remain in Venice till the provisions of the convention were carried out, when a steamer would be placed at the disposal of himself and his suite. Such were the terms of the document which the Austrians have ever counted the bitterest draught of all the humiliations they had to swallow in the year 1848. That day of the 22nd was brought to a close by Manin being carried in triumph to his modest house in the Campo San Paterniano, where he sank down fainting from exhaustion and the physical pain which all these five days had never let him know a moment's peace, exclaiming, "Leave me at least this night to rest, or I shall die."

By the next morning the provisional government had discovered that they could not get on without Manin, and accordingly they sent for him to govern the city. He proceeded to nominate a ministry, in which he took the presidency of the council and foreign affairs. The list of the new government was read out to the civic guard and the people, and was received with reiterated plaudits. In the course of the day the patriarch solemnly blessed the standard of the republic—the three colors of Italy emblazoned with the golden lion of Venice—in the name of Pio Nono, who was yet for one brief month to stand fast to that grand prayer of his, "*O Sommo Iddio, benedite Italia!*" And on this, the first day that dawned on liberated Venice, the people by common consent broke into one loud cry of gratitude and love—a cry that from end to end of Italy, even from Calabria to the lagunes, now sounded the clarion of freedom: "*Viva Bandiera e Moro!*"

These wonderful events—almost contemporaneous with the no less wonderful "five days" of Milan, wherein Radetzky and his fifteen thousand men were expelled inch by inch from the Lombard capital—were quickly followed up by the liberation of the whole of the ancient Venetian Dogado, with the exception of Verona, where the revolution was stifled in its birth through the transposition of the parts played elsewhere by Austrian and Italian. Here the former was firm and sagacious, whilst those who took upon themselves to act on behalf of the population were temporizing and timid. The emancipated townships joyfully sent in their adherence

to the Republic of St. Mark; and tendered loyal support to Manin's administration.

It is not our intention to attempt following the Venetian republic in all its internal vicissitudes and external relations: it would be impossible to perform such a task within the limited space of a review article, and those who desire to be fully informed on these points must go straight to the fountain heads of information.* In these pages it is our sole purpose to show what manner of man was the protagonist in the drama of Venetian independence; and now that we have taken the bearings of Manin the agitator and revolutionist, it remains for us to sketch the portrait of Manin the statesman and dictator. In the former connection we shall say what we have got to say in a few words, and not again return to it, for the mouldy columns of dead diplomacy are not particularly interesting to the general reader. What is most important to observe is that Manin was from first to last a partisan of French intervention. In this matter he stood alone amongst Italian leaders of that period. French intervention was distinctly unpopular all over Italy, save in Venice, at the time when Manin, had he felt himself free to act on his own responsibility, would have called it in; that is to say, in the spring of 1848. Mazzini was at one with Charles Albert in the programme of *l'Italia farà da sé*; and for this there was, beyond doubt, a great deal to be said, quite apart from national pride. There was to be taken into consideration the double possibility of French intervention turning into conquest, or converting the Italian revolution into a socialistic *émeute*. Manin was not blind to these dangers, especially to the latter; but holding the opinion that Austria could not be kept out of Italy save by foreign aid, he preferred an uncertain risk to a certain disaster, and it was evident if the appeal was to be made at all, the sooner it was made the better. Italy having by her own unseconded efforts all but got her house to herself, might have called upon her neighbor to assist her in striking the

* For the military history of the siege of Venice, see the works of Generals Pepe and Ullio; for its diplomatic history, Henri Martin's "Daniel Manin," Bonghi's "*La Vita e i Tempi di Valentino Pasini*," and Bastide's "*La République Française et l'Italie en 1848*." For more local details, Professor Errera's "*Daniello Manin e Venezia*," and the Venetian section of "*Documenti della Guerra Santa d'Italia*," may be referred to. M. A. de la Forge, Mr. Buti, M. P., and Mr. E. Flagg, have also written on this subject. Mr. Nassau Senior's "Conversations," and Signor Tedeschi's article entitled "*Daniel Manin e Giorgio Pallavicino*," in the *Nuova Antologia* for August, 1878, throw interesting light on Manin's life and work in exile.

invader a final blow with a minimum detriment to her dignity, whilst no conceivable eventuality could then have arisen so favorable to republican France as a righteous foreign war. The June outbreak, the reaction, the growth of Bonapartism, the iniquitous Roman expedition, the Second Empire itself, might all thus have been escaped. When in the August of the same year the extreme necessity of Italy authorized Manin formally to demand French intervention, the conditions of the case were manifestly become less opportune and more complicated. Austria had regained most of her power, and all her pretensions; Italy in her reduced circumstances was more than ever likely to be subject to the influence of a disproportionately powerful ally; France, sensibly offended at the former refusal of her services, was also by no means delighted with the prospect of a strong upper Italian kingdom, and was casting greedy eyes on Savoy. Still the better part of the French people were sincerely interested in the fate of Venice; and Cavaignac's government was actually, for better or worse, on the point of sending an army to the rescue, when it was balked by the English proposal of joint mediation, which was presented in such a form as identified its rejection with the loss of the amity of the British cabinet. Lord Palmerston, with a mind troubled by multifarious red spectres, was dismayed at the palpable imminence of a French attack on the Austrian empire, and it was he who for good or evil prevented that attack from being made. The plan of joint mediation had for its basis a proposal made by Austria in the previous May, which Lord Palmerston had then emphatically declined to lay before the revolted provinces, on the ground that there was not the smallest chance of its acceptance. It provided for the emancipation of Lombardy, but made over Venetia once more to her Austrian masters. Neither Venice nor Lombardy would have entered into such a pact; but the English minister's primary object was to stop the war preparations, and in that he succeeded. After a vast deal of shilly-shallying, Austria consented to accept this offer of mediation, but on condition that its basis should be left to future consideration. It must not however be supposed that the Venetians abandoned all hope of French aid as early as August, 1848. Any day might in fact have brought a radical change in the aspect of affairs; and until the fall of the Cavaignac government there seemed a positive likelihood of the French ministry sooner or later getting tired of

the endless shuffling by which Austria contrived to prolong *ad infinitum* the negotiative stage of the mediation. Besides, this hope of extraneous succor was for the Venetians of the nature of the straws drowning men cling to; and not before a French army landed in Italy with the watchword of destruction in lieu of that of deliverance, did they wholly cast it from them, and contemplate their fate in its dire reality.

To return to the thread of our narrative. On the 3rd of June Manin convened an assembly, elected by universal suffrage in Venice and the free districts of the dogado, to deliberate upon the propriety of coalescing with Lombardy in decreeing a fusion with Piedmont. It was Manin's firm individual opinion that all final decision as to the form of government ought to be deferred till the conclusion of the war should permit of the convocation of a constituent assembly, with Rome for its seat. The fusionist party, however, gained ground, and Manin was the last man in the world to retain power for a day longer than he felt his hands strengthened by unanimous support. The Venetian Assembly met in the great council hall of the doge's palace, and the question of the fusion was brought forward in the sitting of the 5th of July. The city trembled as to the issue of the debate: the parties for and against were pretty evenly balanced in the Assembly — whichever way a sharply contested vote had gone it would have stirred up faction, possibly civil war. Manin here stepped in, and with that magnanimous sacrifice of his dearest personal sympathies to what he believed to be the public weal, that was one of the greatest traits of his character, he implored those who thought with him to withdraw from all opposition to the fusion, in order to avoid discord. The measure was then voted with but few dissentient voices, and a motion was also passed with acclamation to the effect that "Manin deserved well of his country;" to which he replied: "While at least the foe is in Italy, for God's sake let there be no more talk of parties. When we are rid of him we will discuss these matters among ourselves as brothers. This is the sole recompense I ask of you." Manin was elected head of the new ministry, but thanking the deputies, he said that he had ever been and was a republican, and that he should be out of place in a royal office. Moreover, the fatigues of the last months had so broken down his health, that it imperatively demanded an interval of repose.

The ministry appointed by the Assembly ruled Venice till the 7th of August, when it resigned its functions to the royal commissioners. Their reign was short-lived. Already the tide of war had turned against Charles Albert, and on the 9th the disastrous armistice of Salasco was signed, one of the stipulations of which was the renunciation of Venice. When the news reached that city it was plunged in a ferment of sinister agitation; excited crowds rushed about the streets, clamoring for Manin, and crying, "Down with the royal government." They threatened the commissioners with violence, and it was only when Manin declared he would stake his head upon their honesty and patriotism, that they became somewhat calmer, and acceded to his request to wait patiently whilst he held a consultation as to what was to be done. The commissioners promised to abstain from interfering with the government until the arrival of the formal suspension of their office. Manin went out to the people and told them how things stood. "The day after to-morrow," he added, "the Assembly of the city and province of Venice will meet to appoint a new government: for these forty-eight hours, I govern!" (*Governo io!*) His hearers were electrified with joy. Their own Manin — once more they had him for their chief! He now desired them to go quietly home, and the square was immediately cleared. When the Assembly met, a wish was expressed to make Manin dictator, but he begged to be excused from accepting this post, on the score of his ignorance of military matters. A triumvirate was therefore formed, composed of himself, Admiral Graziani, and Colonel Calvedalis.

As 1848 approached its close, the financial difficulties of the republic assumed formidable proportions. The administration of a besieged city cannot be carried on, and a body of from sixteen to twenty thousand men cannot be clothed, fed, and paid, without money being forthcoming; and the comparatively small sum left by the Austrians in the military chests went a very short way towards defraying the expenses of the government. The expedients of forced loans, paper currency, and patriotic contributions had to be resorted to; and had it not been for the admirable conduct of all sections of the population, this financial question would have proved an insuperable obstacle to the continuance of the defence at a very early stage of the proceedings. In no single thing did the Venetians give a more su-

preme evidence of their patriotism than in the enormous pecuniary losses they voluntarily underwent for the preservation, or prolongation, of their independence. The rich, and especially the wealthy Jewish merchants, who suffered most heavily from the artificial agencies for raising funds, never uttered a murmur of discontent; whilst the poor vied with each other in pouring their hoardings and their treasures into the national exchequer. As early as May, 1848, the harangues of the Barnabite monks, Ugo Bassi and Gavazzi, summoned the people to give of what they had to the necessities of the country; in November and December the appeal was renewed, and lastly in the desperate days of April, 1849. During the whole period the Venetians showed themselves not only capable of sacrifice, but of all sacrifice. Ladies brought their costly jewels, gondoliers' wives their silver bodkins; twelve thousand soldiers were clothed by voluntary subscriptions; a couple of citizens gave one hundred thousand lire apiece; the young Marquis Bevilacqua—soon to spend his life's blood also in the Italian cause—presented his palace; old General Pepe, the commander-in-chief, came forward with his ewe lamb in the shape of a precious picture by Leonardo; Manin, who throughout his term of office refused to accept any salary, despatched to the mint the entire contents of his modest plate-chest—two silver dishes, two coffee-pots, and a dozen forks and spoons. Little children came with their toys; boys went dinnerless, so as to bring in their mite; the very convicts made up a purse for the country. Those who had nothing else gave their beds and bedding to the troops in mid-winter, with the cheerful saying, "Summer is coming, and we shall need none; especially if we fall for Venice!" The manner in which Manin's government administered the supplies thus obtained does it infinite credit. Instead of the squander and confusion likely to be incidental to a hard-pressed and provisional finance department, there was scrupulous order and economy. When General Gorzgowsky, the Austrian governor after the capitulation, looked over the accounts of the late government, he exclaimed, "I would not have believed that those *canaille* of republicans were such honest men!"

But though Venice was hard put for it in these last months of 1848, she was not depressed by her embarrassments. If provisions were scarce and dear, if sickness had been rife of late in the overcrowded city, there were none the less

plenty of light hearts, and no lack of amusements. The *Fenice* had never been so full, and the political fêtes which were the order of the day gave happy aliment alike to patriotic feeling and to that love of pomp and pageant which has ever characterized the Venetian populace. The most significant and touching of these festivals was perhaps that held on the 17th of November, in memory of all martyrs to Italian liberty and independence. In the morning there was a sumptuous celebration of the mass for the dead at the Church of St. John and St. Paul, where the bones of more than one doge lie buried; and the impressionable seaboard folk were agreed it was not by chance that a marvellous display of the aurora-borealis, hardly ever witnessed so far south, set the sky ablaze that night, and brought the distant Alpine snows, rose-wreathed, within the range of the wondering gazers of Venice! Now and then a successful little sortie helped to keep up the people's spirits; but in fact, as we have said, they ran no great danger of falling very low: all these present hardships and difficulties were such unmixed blessings as compared with the yoke of the alien! As to the future, they yet looked hopefully across the Alps; for the rest, they trusted in God—and Manin. Every day their great love for this man became greater, and boundless confidence engendered unwavering fidelity. But although this was the temper of what Victor Hugo calls *le vrai peuple*, which stuck staunchly to Manin, and was always on the side of public order, save on one or two occasions when it thought he was not being well treated, there was of course in Venice, as elsewhere, a *residuum*, and what was more, there were a lot of foreign adventurers in the city, holding those enticing doctrines of social subversion in which *residua* only need to be instructed for them to grow eager to try how they would do in practice. Manin was aware that to keep this party quiet it was absolutely essential, first, that the dictatorship should be known to have ample powers; secondly, that these powers should be visibly and legally derived from the will of the people. For this reason he dissolved the Assembly, which had been elected on a special and limited mandate having regard to the Piedmontese fusion, and convoked another, more stable and sovereign in character. The Austrians were back in the mainland districts, therefore this assembly could only represent the city of Venice. It met in the Ducal Palace on February 15, 1849, and Manin, whose popularity had received

fresh confirmation by his triumphant election in all the *sestieri*, lost no time in putting the plain question, whether the existing government should go or stay. Some members spoke in favor of continuing the dictatorship, but restricting its powers. Manin replied that this proposition was grounded upon a fallacy: in times like these the government must have full powers, or none. "It is not a question of power, but of saving the country," he said. "If we are to be hampered on every turn by forms and limitations, we cannot act with the promptitude and vigor needful for the preservation of public order (I beg pardon of whoever the expression may offend), and our defence depends more upon that than upon the force of arms." The people got wind of the fact that the Assembly showed itself jealous of Manin's supremacy, and were furious. They marched about to the cry of "*Vogliamo Manin!*" they would be ruled by nobody but "*Manin la Stella d'Italia*," they said, in the half-ludicrous, half-pathetic heart-speech of the people, which does not quite know by what fine-sounding epithet to express its demonstrative affection. There were not wanting those who would have put down these riotous ebullitions by force. Manin knew better. He knew that this Venetian people was tractable and reasonable at bottom, only its hapless unfamiliarity with freedom led it to take the wrong mode of giving voice to right instincts. For Venice to imitate Windischgrätz and Radetzky!—that would be a fall indeed. He went out on the balcony, from which the old doges used to address the multitudes, and said, "You have my honor in your hands; it will be thought that it is I who have excited you. If you wish me well, go!" Again he said: "Brothers, this day you have caused me much grief. In showing your love for me you have made a tumult, and yet you know how I hate a tumult!" He even managed to make them cry "*Viva l'Assemblea!*" but though they did it to please him, the notion stuck in their heads that this new Assembly wanted to shelve their "*caro Manin*," and they privily concocted the plan—a wicked, rebellious plan, no doubt it was—of invading the great council hall while the deputies were sitting, and coercing them into submitting to their wishes. But Manin heard of it in time, and placing himself, sword in hand, on the threshold of the Ducal Palace, with his sixteen-year-old boy beside him, he told the crowd which came surging forward that before it entered it must pass over his body and his son's. Then speak-

ing once more with much and great energy, he bade it go quietly away and it went. "I think no one could demand more of me," he said afterwards in the Assembly. No, assuredly; civic virtue could rise no higher.

The Assembly, now casting aside whatever poor doubts and jealousies it may have had, chose Manin as head of the executive, with the title of president, and invested him with plenary powers, internal and external, including the prerogative of adjourning the Assembly for fifteen days. Manin spoke as follows:—

In accepting the charge which this assembly has entrusted to me, I am conscious of committing an act of insensate boldness. I accept it. But in order that my good name, and, what is of more importance, your good name and that of Venice, may not be tarnished through this transaction, it behoves that I should be seconded and sustained in my arduous undertaking by your co-operation, your confidence, and your affection. We have been strong, respected, eulogized, up till now, because we have been united. I ask of you virtues which, if they are not romantic, are at all events of great practical utility. I ask of you patience, prudence, perseverance. With these, and with concord, love and faith, all things are overcome.

A ministry was then nominated, and the Assembly adjourned. This was the 7th of March, and now once more the king of Sardinia took the field, and the hopes of Venice and Italy went up—once more to fall in the dust of Novara's fatal plain. Valiant Brescia, too, had stood erect in brief splendid defiance of might and Austria, and had as splendidly succumbed to the "hyena Haynau," as he was called—though why the four-legged brute should be wronged by such a simile, we know not. Venice's rejoinder to the news of these disheartenments was the vote of her Assembly, which decreed, "Resistance at all costs!" to which end the president was clothed with unlimited powers. And the people rejoiced, and were glad as though it were a feast-day, perfectly satisfied of their own heroic resolution. From that hour the red flag of war to the utterance waved against the blue Venetian skies from the highest pinnacle of St. Mark's, a purified symbol, a banner of blood indeed, but of blood spilled in the most visibly righteous cause man ever drew sword for. Public spirit had never been more praiseworthy than now; dying men cried "*Viva l'Italia!*" and "*Viva Manin!*" A poor old woman lying at the point of death in a hospital which Manin visited, answered some

few kind words he had spoken to her by saying, "*Piu della mia salute desidero l'Italia libera!*" (More than health, do I desire free Italy). The 25th of April, St. Mark's *festa*, was grandly observed, and Manin made a little speech in the Piazza, which of all Manin's speeches was the one that roused the Venetians to the intensest pitch of frenzied enthusiasm. "Who holds out, wins. We have held out, and we shall win. Long live Saint Mark! This cry, that the seas rang with in old days, we now cry once more. Europe looks on, and will praise us. We must, we ought to win. To the sea! To the sea! To the sea!" Here are the words; but the clear resonant tones of the persuasive voice, the luminous flash of the blue eyes, the glow of the pale, worn face—these are not here. And so it is hard for us to conceive the rapture of patriotism the simple words woke up in the breasts of the sons of Adria.

The little fleet of Venice consisted of vessels which the ceaseless industry of the arsenal workmen had turned out since the liberation of the city. The French and Sardinian men-of-war that had hitherto sailed about, off and on, in Venetian waters were now gone for good and all, and the little fleet was left to itself in the task of keeping the Austrian squadron at bay. Opinions have been expressed—and Manin's vehement "*Al mare!*" would seem to show that they were shared by him—that the Venetian fleet, despite its inferiority in numbers, might with advantage have assumed the offensive as well as the defensive attitude; but the officers in command appear to have thought otherwise. The land forces, together with the Venetian troops, comprised representatives of most of the Italian states, all volunteers; for the Romans and Neapolitans who had been despatched by their respective governments to join in the war against Austria in the early months of 1848 had been quickly recalled, and those who remained notwithstanding, did so at their own risk. The commander-in-chief, Baron Pepe, an upright and veteran soldier, if not a military genius, was of this number, as also was the young, noble, and heroic Rosaroli-Sforza, who received his death-blow when commanding a Venetian battery, whilst hardly able to stand in consequence of an attack of malarious fever. As this Neapolitan Bayard was borne away, mortally wounded, he rallied his men with the farewell cry of "To your guns! To your guns! Save the battery, and let me die!" He died in a few hours, telling the priest

who confessed him that he had not an enemy upon earth save the king of Naples and the Austrians, and saying with his last breath to his old commander, Pepe, "Don't think of me, but of Italy!" Amongst the other officers were the notable names of Ulloa, Poerio, Cosenz, Sirtori, Debrunner. The latter commanded the trusty corps of Swiss chasseurs — free men, here fighting for freedom, not against it, as their countrymen too often have done — which left forty-seven out of its one hundred and twenty-six men upon the silent shore of the grave-isle in the lagunes. All these homogeneous elements worked harmoniously and gallantly towards the common end; but of them all not one we think achieved such bright distinction as the volunteer artillery company which bore the name of Bandiera-Moro. It was composed of the young patricians of Venice, who, with an ancestral love of splendor, donned a picturesque uniform of velvet tunics, grey-colored scarves, and caps with nodding plumes. Foreigners who saw the richly-dight youths parading the streets in the spring of 1848, with their white hands and general stamp of luxurious upbringing, were disposed to sneer at these defenders of Venice. They had occasion to change their estimate one year later, when they beheld them, begrimed with powder and blood, working away at their guns at Fort Malghera, hustling each other to leap into the place of the dead, as man after man was shot down; nibbling their biscuit while they served the battery, rather than pause for a moment; clapping their hands to the cry of "*Viva Venezia*" when hit by the bursting shells; and carrying their wounded comrades to the ambulance-gondola under hurricanes of fire. Malghera had held its own for twenty-three days of an incessant bombardment — Haynau and his twenty-five thousand men concentrating their attack on this position — when orders arrived on the 26th of May to evacuate the fort, which was become a mass of tottering ruins. The siege had placed a fifth of the garrison *hors de combat*, the dead amounting to four hundred. The cannoneers cried like children when told to abandon their posts, and mournfully kissed their guns before they spiked them. The evacuation was performed with so little noise or confusion, that the Austrians were only made aware of it on the following morning by the cessation of firing. Haynau had by this time gone off to repeat his Brescian butcheries in Hungary; Radetzky, and a batch of archdukes he had brought with him, to "be in at the death,"

had also departed, tired of waiting; so the fortress fell into the hands of Count Thurn, one of the most humane of the Austrian general officers, who made no secret of his profound admiration of the manner in which the defence had been conducted.

The condition of Venice grew daily worse. Food was very scarce through the now strict blockade, and the siege could not well have been prolonged after the end of May, had not Manin had the foresight immediately after the revolution to lay in a store of several months' wheat that had been obtained by means of English merchant ships, which the Austrians were afraid to meddle with. But do all it might, the government could not keep the wolf out of the city. Then other dangers threatened. On June 19th the great powder magazine blew up, causing much dismay, more particularly because the wildest conjectures were hazarded as to the cause of the explosion. The suspicions thus raised were naturally enough made capital out of by the *exploiteurs* of that residuum to which we have alluded above, and once more it seemed possible that Austria's greatest desire, Manin's gravest apprehension — a civil war within the city walls — would become a fact. In July two fresh burdens descended upon Venice — bombardment and cholera. The Austrians henceforth directed their death-missiles not only on the forts, but into the heart of the town. A sight of surpassing grandeur were these shooting-stars of desolation, as all through the summer nights their swift portentous passage illumined the still lagunes and stately monuments. Between July 29th and August 22nd, the Austrian batteries discharged twenty-five thousand five hundred and twenty projectiles on the forts and city. As to the cholera, it carried off fifteen hundred persons in one week. Ammunition was all but exhausted, provisions were almost at an end — one or two successful foraging excursions, though they gave the people a moment's rejoicing, scarcely adjoined the inevitable day when famine must stalk through the city. It was clear that this, the last citadel of Italian independence, was rapidly sinking. In a crowning vote of confidence, the Assembly, on the 6th of August, abdicated all powers into the hands of Manin, and bade him do what best he could. Not much more was there to be done, alas! beyond obtaining honorable terms for the fall of Venice. Manin knew it, Pepe knew it, everybody knew it — and still the people were bent on resistance! And the party of disorder was active as ever, and more

than ever; urged on as all Italian historians of the period assert, by Austrian agents; and more than ever was it now to be feared that Venice, like the patient given over by conscientious physicians, would call in the quack, who would render her last hours a hundredfold more terrible. The demagogues did not dare to accuse Manin himself of treason, but they raised their rebellious cries under his window, in the crowded Piazzetta. Manin came out suddenly on the balcony.

Venetians! [he exclaimed] is this conduct worthy of you? You are not the people of Venice; you are only an insignificant faction. Never will I shape my measures to pamper the caprices of a mob! They shall be guided solely by the vote of the legal representatives of the people, legally in congress assembled. I will always speak the truth to you, even should muskets be levelled at my breast, and daggers be pointed at my heart. And now go home, all of you—go home!

A shout of "*Evviva Manin*" greeted this scathing rebuke, and for the present the sedition-mongers hid themselves. Manin had once been chief of a people in triumph—he was now guardian of a people in despair. He had taught Venice how to live, now he must teach her how to die. His was the supreme office of the priest, who steps in when all others have said, "There is no hope," to say, "There is all hope." On August 13th, amidst fire and famine and pestilence, Venice held her last pageant. Manin reviewed the civic guard in the square of St. Mark's, and spoke these words:—

A people that have done and suffered as our people have done and suffered, cannot die. The day shall come when a splendid destiny will be your guerdon. What time will bring that day? This rests with God. We have sown the good seed, it will take root in good soil. Great calamities may be in store for us—perchance they are even at hand—but we shall have the immense comfort of saying, "They came without our fault." If it be not ours to ward off these calamities, it is ours to maintain inviolate the honor of this city. To you it belongs to preserve this patrimony for your children; it is yours to perform the last great work without which all that has been done shall avail nothing; without which foes—and yet worse friends too—will mock us, and we shall be the prey of scoffers who are always eager to discover the wrong in the unfortunate. One single day that sees Venice not worthy of herself, and all that she has done will be lost and forgotten.

Then he told them that the Assembly had invested him with the burden—refused by all others—of unlimited power. If,

however, the civic guard had no longer its old confidence in his loyalty, this charge would become insupportable, and he should yield it up to those from whom he had taken it. "I ask, frankly, has the civic guard faith in my loyalty?" The whole Piazza resounded with a thundering "*Si*!" Manin continued:—

Your indomitable love saddens me, and makes me feel yet more how this people suffer! On my mental and bodily faculties you must not count, but count always on my great, tender, and undying affection. And, come what may, say, "This man was misled;" but do not ever say, "This man misled us." ["No, *mai*! never!" cried the thousands.] I have deceived no one. I have never spread illusions which were not mine own. I have never said I hoped when I had no hope.

Again (August 18) he spoke to them, saying that grave as were the existing circumstances, they were not so desperate as to warrant hurrying into unconditional surrender. It was necessary that the negotiations should be carried on with becoming calmness and dignity. "It is an infamy to suppose that Venice would ask of me to do what was infamous; and if she asked it, this one sacrifice I would not make—not even to Venice."

Some one called out "Hunger!"

"Let who hungers stand forward," said Manin.

"None of us," cried the crowd. "We are Italians. Long live Manin!"

On the 23rd he addressed them for the last time. The population was in a state of dangerous agitation, the result of the uncertainty and misery of these dreadful days, and by reason of a report that one or two sections of the troops were in a state of semi-mutiny. "Are you Italians?" Manin cried from the balcony of his official residence in the Piazzetta. "Do you wish to be worthy of the freedom which perhaps before long will be yours? Well then, chase from your midst the scoundrels who incite you to riot! Let us at least keep the honor of Venice immaculate. *Viva l'Italia!*"

"*Viva l'Italia!*" shouted the people, with one voice. A sudden pain took away Manin's breath; he went indoors, and sank fainting on a chair. When he had recovered a little, he began to weep bitterly, and murmured, "To have to yield, with such a people as this!" Then, rousing himself, he returned to the balcony, and said, in a firm voice, "Whosoever is a true Venetian, let him patrol to-night with me." Buckling on his sword, as when he went to seize the arsenal, he marched at

the head of a company of civic guards and a vast concourse of people to the quarter in which military insubordination had broken out. They were received with shots. Manin stepped on in advance. "If you want my life, take it!" he said. The mutineers were quieted, and so the affair passed over.

It is stated that Manin courted death among the still fast-falling Austrian bombs during this last week that he was president of the Venetian republic, not from moral cowardice at the gloomy prospect of his own future, or from one moment's loss of faith in the ultimate triumph of his country's aspirations, but because he thought his death might profit more to Italy than his life. Generally speaking, personal courage is not a quality which demands much notice: to say that a man is brave, is the same sort of compliment as to say that he does not pick pockets. Nevertheless, it should not be ignored how much of Manin's ascendancy over the Venetian masses proceeded from his absolute readiness to expose himself to any danger for the good or peace of the commonwealth. It is to be remembered that Venice was never put under a state of siege; the dictator had therefore nothing but his moral influence wherewith to strengthen the ordinary authority of the law in the preservation of public order.

The capitulation of Venice was signed August 24, 1849. "A more honorable one," writes General Pepe, "could not have been obtained if Venice had had remaining to her gunpowder and provisions for a whole year, instead of for a single day." Such Venetian officers as had belonged to the Austrian service, the foreign (*i.e.*, non-Venetian) soldiers, and forty civilians, of whom of course Manin was one, were to quit the city. Persons not specified might remain with impunity. The communal paper money was recognized at a discount of fifty per cent.—a tax to defray this liquidation being imposed on the city. On the morning of the 24th, Manin resigned his functions into the hands of the municipality, which held the city until the entry of the Austrians, four days later. Immediately on signing his resignation, Manin left the national palace for his house in the Campo San Pater-niano, to prepare for departure. The people passed sadly to and fro before his door, whispering to one another, "*Quà ghe xe el nostro bon pare, povareto, el gà tanto patio per nù, che Dio lo benedissa!*" ("Here is our good father, poor dear! He has suffered so much for us. God

bless him!") They were to see him no more. At midnight he and his wife and son and sick little girl went on board the French steamer "Pluton," which was to carry all save one of them into a lifelong exile. Manin had exhausted his small means during the revolution, and the municipality, loath that he should depart altogether penniless, pressed upon him the sum of a few hundred pounds, which he accepted gratefully. But he knew that there were others who, like himself, left Venice in want; and in a quiet, private manner, he charged two or three of his friends to visit each of the twelve vessels which were engaged for the transport of the emigrants, and to distribute equally amongst them some money which he gave them for the purpose. He only reserved what was strictly necessary for his journey and settlement abroad. On the 27th of August the "Pluton" sailed out of the lagunes, and the great exile's eyes rested for the last time on the beloved Venetian shore—on the towers and palaces, the churches and columns, the islands and sandbanks, the green waters and the azure heavens. There is no earthly view more fair than this of Venice from the sea, if it be not the sea from Venice. English passengers to India now are well familiar with this view. Whilst leaning over the deck to catch the last glimpse of the campanile of St. Mark, how many are there who have turned over in their minds what a Venetian proscrip must have felt as he strained his poor dimmed eyes after that last vision of home and fatherland?

To this great grief of leaving Venice was soon added another: Manin's wife died of cholera on landing at Marseilles. On to Paris he went with his two children, the little motherless girl suffering terribly, the poor father trying vainly to be at once father and mother to her. Manin loved this child with the love that may be otherwise written—sympathy—that perfect spiritual harmony of mind and mind, which of all human affections would seem best fitted to render intelligible what theologians mean when they speak of the communion of the blessed dead. Singular it may be that the man of iron will should have found this sweet companionship in the society of a fragile girl; but this thing also is characteristic of the great purity and simplicity of Manin's nature—a nature in which there was not so much of triumphant virtue as of childlike innocence. The "salt bread of the stranger" was further embittered by the spectacle of this dear child's slow fading away—like a

tropical flower in a northern winter—deprived of mother and of country, the obscure nervous disease with which she was afflicted aggravated by the pangs of what we call homesickness, and what the Germans better term *Heimweh*. The vast noisy world of Paris was to her a desert, and she pined with intolerable longing after the cherished tranquillity of her native city.

The ex-president of the Venetian republic was very poor; he had to pass the days in eking out a maintenance by giving lessons in Italian; the nights he spent by the bedside of his child, in administering the medicines she was ordered to take, in suffering, to see her suffer. When she could not conceal some paroxysm of pain, she would take her father's hands and beg his forgiveness for the sorrow she caused him. He kept a journal of every faint fluctuation in her health, so that the doctors might be informed of all her symptoms. This sad book still exists, with the words written on it, "*Alla mia Santa Martire!*" For her father's sake she clung to life with that tenacity which sometimes seems to exercise a mysterious force in keeping the vital spark alight: it was not until 1854 that the little flame of her being flickered into darkness. The last words she uttered were these: "My darling Venice, I shall never see you again!"

Manin had three more black years to bear. But during this dismal exile he did not let his private griefs deaden his spirit to those of his country. It came to be his conviction that dear as was to him the faith of a republican, the best chance of the achievement of Italian unity and independence lay under the white cross of Savoy; and, believing this, he dedicated his last years to the cause of the kingdom of Italy. He could give nothing but his influence, "but that influence is worth legions," said the Piedmontese Marquis Villamarina. A Savoyard sovereign and a French alliance were the means he esteemed most practicable for the attainment of Italian liberation, and he worked indefatigably both with word of mouth and pen to bring others at home and abroad to the same opinion. "But," he once said, smiling sadly, "I can't write, I am only fit to rule." One ray of joy fell upon his path: it was the sight of the Italian tricolor—alone retained by Piedmont of all the states that had adopted it in 1848—run up along the boulevards in honor of the Crimean alliance on the occasion of the queen of England's visit to Paris. The true significance of that alliance, the one

fruit-bearing feature of the Russian war, Manin did not fail to understand.

His physical sufferings constantly increased, and to his old malady was now added disease of the heart. In June, 1857, he wrote to his friend, the Marquis G. Palavicino Trivulzio, that he hardly knew how to put two ideas together or find two words to express them. "A month's rest in the country has not calmed the fever of my poor brain. All work; all meditation, is utterly impossible to me. Not only cannot I think about serious things, but I am not able to give my mind to the most unimportant matters. This will explain my silence. I lose patience and hope. My painful and useless life becomes intolerable. I ardently desire the end. Farewell." The end came on the 22nd of the following September. The evening before he had felt a trifle better, and had done nothing but talk of Venice. At four o'clock in the morning he expired in his son's arms. He was fifty-three years of age.

So Manin died; in a different way, but a martyr, a witness, to precisely the same cause of Italian unity for which Attilio and Emilio Bandiera and Domenico Moro had given their young lives thirteen years earlier. And these Venetian patriots, the high-born youths, the Jewish commoner, may be taken as types of thousands of other Italians who fell and endured, whilst "sensible people" in the four quarters of the globe were calling their deeds crimes and their hopes chimeras. Of the character and individuality of the man who purged the name of Venice from being a byword of reproach among the nations, who led her with strong and loving hands through a fiery furnace to the attainment of the one earthly good more precious than freedom—the deserving of it—it seems to us not needful now to speak. If this sketch, imperfect as it is, has not wholly failed in its purpose, it has placed the man in a more clear light than any reflections of ours could do. His recent Italian biographer, Professor Errera, remarks that there was something very English in his hatred of declamation, his practical good sense, and his regard for tradition. We may add to this that alike in his sensitiveness to suffering and in his power of undergoing it, as also in other of the deep and tender qualities of his nature, he showed not a few of the distinctive traits of the race of Spinoza and Heine. Still, take him all in all, he was essentially an Italian, and Italy has no cause to blush in calling him her son.

August 30, 1849, Marshal Radetzky and

Austrian dominion re-entered the city of Venice "amidst the silence of a bewildered population," said the Austrian report. The silence of that "bewildered population" continued seventeen years exactly. Coincidental with that silence, the Schwarz-Gelb standards hung on all Sundays and feast-days upon the flagstaves of St. Mark. And what was noteworthy in it was that it went on without any diminishment, or rather with the contrary of diminishment, which must have sorely puzzled the Austrian reporter, who began by thinking it only came from momentary bewilderment. Sometimes in a grand religious service the congregation are bade lift up their hearts in mute supplication, and there comes a noiseless pause, more impressive than much speaking or chanting. A like stillness prevailed in Venice. These people, the impassioned lovers of song and mirth and carnival joy, adjudged themselves a seventeen years' Lent. If they had to brook the environment of

all ill things but shame,

with shame at any rate they were determined to hold no commerce. This was the epilogue of the Venetian revolution.

Thursday, July 5th, 1866, the Schwarz-Gelb was hauled down from the *pill* — forever.

Thursday, the 18th of October, that autumn, went up in its stead the folds of the fairest flag nation ever floated; and there it may be seen Sundays and holidays, as by the writer of these lines it was seen not long ago, calling forth memories that made the heart beat and the eyes moisten a little. Ah, that Daniel Manin could stand in our place and see what we see!

All that Venice could do in honor of her great citizen has been done. He lies in a marble sarcophagus close under the shadow of St. Mark's church. Thither his mortal remains and those of his wife and child were brought from Ary Scheffer's hospitable tomb at Montmartre, on the eve of the nineteenth birthday of the revolution, and amidst every sign of unforgetting love. Quite lately a statue of him, over life size, addressing the multitude, with the lion of St. Mark at its base, has been placed in the Campo San Paterniano opposite his house. "*Lo conobbi io — l'avvocato Manin — Presidente della Repubblica*," cried a weather-beaten old Venetian *popolano*, with a flash of loving pride in his face, as we stood and looked at the monument.

Before 1848, "The Italians don't fight,"

was the pet phrase of *Blackwood* and the whole host of cynics and reactionists. After that year the word was changed. "How absurd and immoral," it was now said, "all this expenditure of life, all this revolutionary mania which ends in smoke!" and they pointed to Italy lying prostrate under the heel of the hydra of despotism. No manner of doubt had they as to what was the answer to the query started at the beginning of this paper. By way of commentary we may go back to our Persian fable. Of the two sons of the Eternal, Ahriman, who said "Perhaps," and was dark and the friend of evil, was the first-born, and claimed the empire. So he was given it for a thousand years. When the second son, Ormuzd, who offered up prayer and sacrifice, who shone sunlike, and spread around a sweet perfume, came into being, then the empire was taken away from Ahriman and given to Ormuzd. So it was and so it shall be. "Martyrdom," wrote Manin, "is redemption." When there appear men whose lives are pure as their faith, whose faith is high as their devotion, whose devotion is strong unto death, the friends of evil may tremble, for their hour is short.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XL.

LAW had left Mr. Ashford, not knowing, as the vulgar have it, if he stood on his head or his heels. He had somewhat despised the minor canon, not only as a clergyman and an instructor, intending to put something into Law's luckless brains, but without force enough to do it effectually, and as a man, much too mild and gentle to make any head against the deceitfulness of mankind, and all those guiles and pastimes in which an unwilling student like Law knows himself so much more profoundly informed than any of his pastors and teachers can be. The sense of superiority with which such a youth, learned in all manner of "dodges" and devices for eluding work, contemplates the innocent senior who has faith in his excuses, was strong in Law's mind towards his last tutor, who had taken charge of him even without the carefully calculated recompense of his labors, which his earlier instructor, Mr. Langton, had been supposed to receive — supposed — for Captain Despard was paymaster, and he was not any more to be trusted to

for recollecting quarter-day than Law was to be trusted to for doing his work. But Mr. Ashford had not even said anything about pay. He had taken Law for his sister's sake, "for love," as the young man said lightly; taken him as an experiment, to see what could be made of him, and kept him on without a word on either side of remuneration. This curious conduct, which might have made the pupil grateful, had no such result, but filled him instead with a more entire contempt for the intellects of his benefactor. It is easy, in the instruction of young men like Law, to be learned and wise in book-learning, yet a "stupid" in life; and if anything could have made the discrimination more clear, it would have been the irregularity of the business transaction as between a non-paying pupil and a "coach" who gave just as much attention to him as if he had been an important source of revenue. "What a soft he must be! What a stupid he is!" had been Law's standing reflection. But he had liked all the same the object of his scorn, and had felt "old Ashford" to be "very jolly," notwithstanding his foolish believingness, and still more foolish indifference to his own profit. It was this which had made him go to the minor canon with such a frankness of appeal, but he had not been in the least prepared for the reply he received. It took away his breath. Though it was a superlative proof of the same "softness" which had made Mr. Ashford receive a pupil who paid him nothing, the dazzled youth could no longer regard it with contempt. Though he was tolerably fortified against invasions of emotion, there was something in this which penetrated to his heart. Suddenly, in a moment, to be lifted out of his dull struggle with books which he could not understand, and hopeless anticipation of an ordeal he could never pass, and to have the desire of his heart given to him, without any trouble of his, without price or reward, was all very wonderful to Law. At first he could not believe. To think "old Ashford" was joking—to think that a man so impractical did not know the meaning of words—this was the first natural explanation; but when the minor canon's first recollection that "he knew a man" brightened into the prospect of money to pay his passage, and an actual beginning of his career, Law did not know, as we have said, whether he was standing upon solid ground or floating in the air. The happiness was almost too much for him. He went up to London next day by Mr. Ashford's suggestion, and

at his cost, to learn all particulars about the voyage, but kept his own secret until it had gained so much of solid foundation as the actual sight of a ship which was bound for New Zealand, a printed account of the times of sailing, and forms, and an outfitter's list of indispensables, would give; then, still dazzled by the sudden fulfilment of his wishes, but feeling his own importance, and the seriousness of his position as a future emigrant, Law had endeavored to find an opportunity of communicating the great news to Lottie, but had failed, as has been seen. And having thus failed, and seeing in her none of the eager desire to know what he would have thought natural in circumstances so profoundly interesting, Law got up from the table and went out with a certain sense of injury in his mind. He saw there was "something up" in respect to his sister herself, but he did not take very much interest in that. Yet he thought it curiously selfish of her, almost incomprehensibly selfish, to ask no question, show no concern in what was happening to him. He had said, "I am going to New Zealand!" but had he said, "I am going to play football," she could not have taken it more calmly, and she had never asked a question since. "What funny creatures women are, one time so anxious about you, another time caring nothing!" Law said to himself; but he was not at all conscious that it might have been natural for him too to take some interest in Lottie's affairs. He did not. It was some rubbish he supposed about that fellow Ridsdale. He thought of the whole business with contempt. Far more important, beyond all comparison, were those affairs which were his own.

And when he went out, a little angry, irritated, but full of excitement and elation, and eager to find somebody who would take due interest in the story of his good fortune, where would Law's footsteps stray but to the place where they had turned so often in his idleness and hopelessness. He had gone once before since the visit of Polly, and had been confronted by Mrs. Welting, now established in the workroom, to the confusion of all the little schemes of amusement by which the girls had solaced the tedium of their lives. "Mother" had been glad enough to be allowed to look after her house in quiet, and the rest of the family, without troubling herself about her girls. But now, in the stimulus given by Polly's denunciation, Mrs. Welting had conceived new ideas of her duties. Would she let it be said by an artful creature like that, who had done the same thing herself,

as *her* daughters were laying themselves out to catch a gentleman? Not for all the world. She would not have a girl of hers marry a gentleman, not for anything, Mrs. Welting said. She forbade the little expeditions they were in the habit of making in turns for threads and buttons. She would not allow even the *Family Herald*. She scolded "for nothing at all," in resenting her compulsory attendance there, and banishment from her domestic concerns. The workroom was quite changed. There was no jollity in it, no visitors, not half so much chatter as that which had been carried on so gaily when Polly was paramount. "She took all the good herself, but she never could bear seeing any one else happy," Emma said, who was doubly aggrieved. And it could not be said that the work improved under this discipline. The moment altogether was not happy; and when Law, by dint of wandering about the windows, and whistling various airs known to the workroom, made his presence known, Emma, when her mother withdrew, as she did perforce as the evening got on, and it became necessary to look after the family supper, the younger children, and her lodgers, came cautiously out to meet him, with a cloak about her shoulders. "I haven't got a moment to stay," Emma said. "Mother would take off my head if she found me out!" Yet she suffered herself to be drawn a few steps from the door, and round the corner to the river-side, where, on this wintry evening, there was nobody about, and the river itself in the darkness was only discernible by the white swell and foam round the piers of the bridge, by which it rushed on its headlong passage to the weir. Here going on, now turning back, a few wary steps at a time, with their attention fixed upon a possible warning from the window of the lighted workroom, the two wandered in the damp darkness, and Emma, opening large eyes of astonishment, heard of all that was about to happen. "Old Ashford has behaved like a brick," Law said. "He is going to get me introductions to people he knows, and he means to give me my passage-money too, and something to begin upon!"

"Lor!" cried Emma, "what is it for? Is he going to marry your sister?" Her attention was awakened, but she did not think she had anything to do with it. She was so much afraid of not hearing any possible tap on the window, or not having time to run home before her absence was discovered.

"Now look here, Emma," said Law.

He did not speak with any enthusiasm of tenderness, but calmly, as having something serious to propose. "If I go away, you know, it's for life; it's not gone to-day and back to-morrow, like a soldier ordered off to the colonies. I'm going to make my living, and my fortune, if I can, and settle there for life. No, nobody's knocking at the window. Can't you give me your attention for a moment. I tell you, if I go, it's for life."

"Lor!" said Emma, startled. "You don't mean to say as you've come to say good-bye, Mr. Law? and you as always said you were so true. But I do believe none of you young men ever remembers nor thinks what he's been saying," she added with a half whimper. A lover's desertion is never a pleasant thing in any condition of life.

"It's just because of that I'm here," said Law sturdily. "I remember all I've ever said. I've come to put it to you, Emma, straightforward. I am going away, as I tell you for life. Will you come with me? that's the question. There is not very much moving now, and nothing sure, but it will go hard if I can't draw old Ashford for your passage-money," said the grateful recipient of the minor canon's bounty; "and it would be a new start and a new life, and I'd do the best I could for you. Emma, you must make up your mind quick, for there isn't much time. The boat sails—well, I can't exactly tell you when she sails, but in a fortnight or so."

"A fortnight!" Emma cried, with a sense of dismay.

"Yes. We needn't have a very grand wedding, need we? Emigrants must be careful both of their money and their time."

"Emigrants? I don't know what you mean by emigrants—it don't sound much," said the girl, with a cloud upon her face.

"No, it is not very fine. It means people that are going to settle far away, on the other side of the world. New Zealand is I don't know how many thousand miles away."

"Can you go there by land?" said Emma. "You mustn't laugh—how was I to know? Oh, I can't abide going in a ship."

"That's a pity, but you can't go in anything else. It's a fine big ship, and every care taken. Look here, Emma, you must make up your mind. Will you go?"

"Oh, I don't know," cried Emma; "I can't tell—how long would you be in the ship? It isn't what I ever expected," she said in a plaintive voice. "A hurry, and a

fuss, and then a long sea-voyage. Oh, I don't think I should like it, Mr. Law."

"The question is, do you like me?" said Law, with a little thrill in his deep yet boyish bass. "You couldn't like the other things, it wouldn't be natural; but do you like me well enough to put up with them? I don't want you to do anything you don't like, but when I go it will be for good, and you must just make up your mind what you like best: to go with me, though there's a good deal of trouble, or to stay at home, and good-bye to me forever."

At this Emma began to cry. "Oh, I shouldn't like to say good-bye forever," she said; "I always hated saying good-bye. I don't know what to do; it would be good-bye to mother and Ellen and them all. And never to come back again would be awful! I shouldn't mind if it was for a year or two years, but never to come back — I don't know what to do."

"We might come home on a visit, if we got very rich," said Law, "or we might have some of the others out to see us."

"Oh, for a visit!" said Emma. "But they'd miss me dreadful in the working-room. Oh, I wish I knew what to say."

"You must choose for yourself — you must please yourself," said Law, a little piqued by the girl's many doubts — then he softened again. "You know, Emma," he said, "when a girl gets married it's very seldom she has her own people near her, and I don't know that it's a good thing when she has. People say, at least, husband and wife ought to be enough for each other. And, supposing it was only to London, it would still be away from them."

"Oh, but it would be different," cried Emma, "if you could go now and again to see them all; but to live always hundreds of thousands of miles away!"

"Not hundreds of thousands, but a long voyage that takes months."

"Months!" Emma uttered a cry. "Too far to have mother if you were ill," she said, casting her mind over the eventualities of the future; "too far, a deal too far for a trip to see one! I don't think it would be nice at all. Mr. Law, couldn't you, oh, couldn't you stop at home?"

"Perhaps you'd tell me what I should do if I stayed at home," said Law, not without a touch of contempt. "It's more than I can tell. No, I can't stay at home. There is nothing I could do here. It is New Zealand or nothing, Emma, you must make up your mind to that."

"Oh, but I don't see why you shouldn't stay in London; there are always places to be got there; you might look in the

papers and see. Mother used to get the *Times* from the public-house, a penny an hour, when Willie was out of a place. Did you ever answer any advertisement, or try — really try?"

"All that is nothing to the purpose," said Law, with some impatience. "The advertisements may be all very well, but I know nothing about them. I am going to New Zealand whether or not. I've quite made up my mind. Now the thing is, will you come too?"

Emma did not know what answer to make. The going away was appalling, but to lose her gentleman-lover, though he was banished from the workroom, was a great humiliation. Then she could not but feel that there was a certain excitement and importance in the idea of preparing for a sudden voyage, and being married at seventeen, the first of the family. But when she thought of the sea and the ship, and the separation from everything, Emma's strength of mind gave way. She could not do that. The end was, that driven back and forward between the two, she at last faltered forth a desire to consult "mother" before deciding. Law, though he was contemptuous of this weakness, yet could not say anything against it. Perhaps it was necessary that a girl should own such a subjection. "If you do I can tell you beforehand what she will say," he cried. "Then Ellen; I'll ask Ellen," said Emma. "Oh, I can't settle it out of my own hand." And then the girl started, hearing the signal on the window, and fled from him, breathless. "Mother's come to shut up," she said. Law walked away, not without satisfaction, when this end had been attained. He was more anxious to have the question settled than he was anxious to have Emma. Indeed, he was not at all blind to the fact that he was too young to marry, and that there were disadvantages in hampering himself even in New Zealand with such a permanent companion. Then, too, all that he could hope for from Mr. Ashford was enough for his own outfit and passage, and he did not see how hers was to be managed. But still, Law had been "keeping company" with Emma for some time, and he acknowledged the duties of that condition according to the interpretation put upon it in the order to which Emma belonged. Clearly, when good fortune came to a young man who was keeping company with a young woman, it was right that he should offer her a share of it. If she did not accept it, so much the better: he would have done what honor required without any further

trouble. As Law walked up the hill again, he reflected that on the whole it would be much better if he was allowed to go to New Zealand alone. No one could know how things would turn out. Perhaps the man Mr. Ashford knew might be of little use, perhaps he might have to go from one place to another, or he might not succeed at first, or many things might happen which would make a wife an undesirable burden. He could not but hope that things might so arrange themselves as that Emma should drop back into her natural sphere in the workroom, and he be left free. Poor little Emma, if this was the case, he would buy her a locket as a keepsake off Mr. Ashford's money, and take leave of her with comfort. But in the other case, if she should make up her mind to go with him, Law was ready to accept the alternative. His good fortune put him doubly on his honor. He would prefer to be free, but if he were held to it, he was prepared to do his duty. He would not let her perceive that he did not want her. But on the whole, he would be much better satisfied if "mother" interfered. Having disposed of this matter, Law began to think of his outfit, which was very important, wondering, by the way, if Emma went, whether her family would provide hers; but yet keeping this question, as uncertain, quite in the background. He recalled to himself the list he had got in his pocket, with its dozens of shirts and socks, with no small satisfaction. Was it possible that he could become the owner of all that? The thought of becoming the owner of a wife he took calmly, hoping he might still avoid the necessity, but to have such a wardrobe was exciting and delightful. He determined to get Lottie to show him how to mend a hole and sew on a button. To think that Lottie knew nothing about his plans, and had never asked him what he meant, bewildered him when he thought of it. What could be "up" in respect to her? Something like anxiety crossed Law's mind, at least it was something as much like anxiety as he was capable of — a mingling of surprise and indignation; for were not his affairs a great deal more important than anything affecting herself could be? This was the idea of both. Law was going to New Zealand, but Lottie was going to be married, a still more important event! and each felt that in heaven and earth no such absorbing event was going on. It must be said, however, for Lottie, that Law's whispered communication counted for nothing with her, since she knew no way in which it could be supposed

to be true. Wild hopes that came to nothing had gleamed across his firmament before. How could he go to New Zealand? as easy to say that he was going to the moon; but in this way it took no hold upon her mind, while he had no clue whatever to the disturbing influence in Lottie's thoughts.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE night after that decisive talk upon the slopes was a trying one for Rollo Ridsdale. He came in with the process of his resolution in his mind. Now the die was cast. Whatever prudence might say against it, the decision was made, and his life settled for him, partly by circumstances, but much more by his personal will and deed. And he did not regret what he had done. It was a tremendous risk to run; but he had confidence that Lottie's voice was as good as a fortune, and that in the long run there would be nothing really imprudent in it. Of course it must be kept entirely "quiet." No indiscreet announcements in the newspapers, no unnecessary publicity must be given to the marriage. Whosoever was absolutely concerned should know; but for the general public, what did it matter to them whether the bond which bound a man of fashion to a celebrated singer was legitimate or not? Lottie would not wish for society, she would not feel the want of society, and particularly in the interval, while she was still not a celebrated singer, it was specially necessary that all should be kept "quiet." He would take her to Italy, and it would be not at all needful to introduce any stray acquaintance who might happen to turn up to his wife. In short, there was no occasion for introducing any one to her. Lottie would not want anything. She would be content with himself. Poor darling! what wonderful trust there was in her! By this time he was able to half laugh at his own guilty intention, which she had so completely extinguished by her inability to understand it, her perfect acceptance of it as all that was honorable and tender. He was going to do the right thing now — certainly the right thing, without any mistake about it; but still that it should be made to look like the wrong thing, was the idea in Rollo's mind. He would take her to Italy and train her for her future career; but neither at the present time nor in the future would it be necessary to put the points upon the i's in respect to her position. As for Lottie, he knew very well that she, having no doubt about her position, would not insist upon any publication

of it. It would never once occur to her that there was any possibility of being misconstrued.

With these thoughts in his mind, Rollo dressed very hastily for dinner, as he had lingered with Lottie to the last moment. And as it happened, this was the very evening which Augusta chose for discussing openly the subject to which she had, without speaking of it, already devoted all her powers of research since she had arrived at home. In the evening after dinner Rollo was the only one of the gentlemen who came into the drawing-room, silent man, with what are called "refined tastes." For one thing he was in a mild Augusta's husband was an inoffensive and way an antiquary. He did not enter very much into his wife's life, nor she into his. She was fashionable, he had refined tastes; they were perfectly good friends; and though not yet married six months, followed each their own way. Spencer Daventry had gone to his father-in-law's study accordingly to investigate some rare books, and his wife was in the drawing-room alone — that is, not exactly alone, for Lady Caroline was "on the sofa." When Lady Caroline was on the sofa she did not trouble anybody much, and even the coming in of the lamps had not disturbed her. She had "just closed her eyes." Her dress was carefully drawn over her feet by Mrs. Daventry's care, and a wadded *couvre-pied* in crimson satin laid over them. Augusta liked to see to any little decorum, and would have thought the toe of her mother's innocent shoe an improper revelation. Perhaps it was by her orders that Mr. Daventry had not come in. There was no company that evening, and when Rollo entered the drawing-room, he saw at once that he had fallen into a trap. Augusta sat on a comfortable chair by the fire, with a small table near her and a lamp upon it. The other lights were far away, candles twinkling in the distance on the piano, and here and there against the walls; but only this one spot by the fire was warm and full light; and a vacant chair stood invitingly on the other side of Augusta's table. No more snug arrangement for a *tête-à-tête* could have been, for Lady Caroline was nothing but a bit of still life — more still almost than the rest of the furniture. Augusta looked up as her cousin came in with a smile.

"Alone?" she said; "then come here, Rollo, and let us have a talk."

Rollo could not have been Rollo if he had felt any repugnance to this amusement. Needless to say that in their boy and girl

days there had been passages of something they were pleased to call love between the cousins; and equally needless to add that all this had long been over, both being far too sensible (though one had been led astray by Lottie, to his own consternation and confusion) to think of any serious conclusion to such a youthful folly. Rollo sat down with mingled pleasure and alarm. He liked a confidential talk with any woman; but in this case he was not without fear.

And his fears were thoroughly well founded as it turned out. After a few preliminaries about nothing at all, Augusta suddenly plunged into her subject.

"I am very glad," she said, "to have a chance of speaking to you, by ourselves. Mamma does not pay any attention; she is quite the same as if she were not there. You know I've always taken a great interest in you, Rollo. We are cousins, and we are very old friends — more like brother and sister."

"I demur to the brother and sister; but as old friends as memory can go," said he; "and very happy to be permitted all the privileges of a cousin, and such a good fellow as Daventry added on."

"Oh, yes. Spencer's very nice," said she. "He takes very kindly to my people; but it is not about Spencer I want to talk to you, Rollo, but about yourself."

"That's so much the better," said Rollo; "for I might not have liked bridal raptures, not being able, you know, Augusta, quite to forget —"

"Oh, that's all nonsense," said Augusta, with the faintest of blushes; "bridal fiddlesticks! People in the world keep clear of all that nonsense, heaven be praised. No, Rollo, it's about yourself. I am very anxious about you."

"Angelic cousin! — but there is no cause for anxiety that I know of in me."

"Oh, yes, Rollo, there is great cause of anxiety. I must speak to you quite frankly. When I was married you had never seen Lottie Despard —"

"Miss Despard!" He said the name in a surprised tone and with eyes full of astonishment. He was glad of the opportunity of looking to the buckles of his armor and preparing for the onset, and therefore he made the surprise of the exclamation as telling as he could. "What can she have to do with your anxiety?" he said.

"Yes, Lottie Despard. Oh, she has a great deal to do with it. Rollo, how can you think that any good can come of such a flirtation either to you or the girl?"

"Flirtation, Augusta?"

"Yes, flirtation, or something worse. Why do you always go to her house? Oh, I know you always go. She can't sing a bit, poor thing; and it only fills her poor heart with vanity and nonsense; and you meet her when you walk out. Don't contradict me, please. Should I say so if I had not made quite sure? I know the view you men take of honor. You think when a girl is concerned you are bound to deny anything. So you may be sure I did not say it till I had made quite sure. Now, Rollo, I ask you what can possibly come of anything of the kind? Of course you don't mean anything except to amuse yourself; and of course it is the girl's fault if she gets herself talked about; for she must know as well as I do that there can be nothing in it; but for all that —"

"You take away my breath," said Rollo; "you seem to know so much better than I do the things that have happened or are happening to myself."

"I do," said Augusta, "for I have been thinking about it, and you have not. You have just done what was pleasant at the moment, and never taken any thought. You are doing a great deal of harm to Lottie, poor thing, filling her head with silly fancies, and turning her against people of her own ideas. And suppose some really wise girl were to turn up, some one with money, what would she think of you, dangling forever after a young woman who is not even in society? I am taking it for granted that it is only a silly flirtation; for as for anything worse," said Augusta, with serenity, "it cannot be supposed for a moment that I could speak to you of that; but you know very well, Rollo, a man of the world, like you, how very dreadful, how fatal all those sort of entanglements are, even when you don't look at them from a high moral point of view."

"You make me out a pretty character," said Rollo, with an angry smile. "I never knew I was a Lovelace till now."

"Oh, all you men are the same," said Augusta, "if women will let you. Women have themselves to thank when anything happens, for it is ten times more importance to them than it is to you. A man is none the worse for things that would ruin a girl forever. But still, you are not in a position to be careless of what people say. You have not a penny, Rollo; and I don't believe in your opera. The only way in which you will ever have anything is by a suitable marriage. Suppose that any of your relations were to find a really nice person for you, and you were to spoil it all

by a folly like this! That is how I look at it. To ruin yourself for a girl's pretty face, and her voice, when she can't sing a note!"

"Am I to infer that you have got a nice person for me?" said Rollo, furious inwardly, yet keeping his temper, and turning the conversation in this direction by way of diverting it from more dangerous subjects. And then Augusta (drawing somewhat upon her imagination, it must be allowed) told him of a very nice person indeed. Rollo listened, by way of securing his escape; but by-and-by he got slightly interested, in spite of himself. This really nice girl was coming to the Deanery for two or three days. She had a hundred thousand pounds. She had heard of Rollo Ridsdale, and already "took an interest" in him. It was perhaps partly fiction, for the visit of this golden girl to the Deanery was not by any means settled as yet, but yet there was in it a germ of fact. "It is an opportunity that never may occur again," Augusta said, like a shop which is selling off. And indeed it was a sale which she would greatly like to negotiate, though Rollo was less the buyer than the pricer of goods of which sale was to be made.

A hundred thousand pounds! He could not help thinking of it later in the evening, when he smoked his cigar, and as he went to bed. His affairs seemed to him to be managed by some malign and tricky spirit. Just at this moment, when he was pledged to the most imprudent marriage that could be conceived, was it not just his luck that fate should take the opportunity of dangling such a prize before him? A hundred thousand pounds! Why was it not Lottie that had this money? or why, as she had no money, had she been thrown in his way? To be sure she had a voice, which was as good as a fortune, but not equal to a hundred thousand pounds. However, he said to himself, there was no help for it now. All this happened before the brief interview on the hill, which sent him off to town before the hour he intended, and which proved to him, over and over again, the trust in him, which was beyond anything he had ever dreamed of. That she should guard him even from her father, that she should believe in him, to the disdain of every safeguard which the vulgar mind relied on, astonished, confounded, and relapsed his mind beyond description. To deceive her would be the easiest thing in the world, but, at the same time, would it not be the most impossible thing, the last that any man not a villain would

do? And there was besides a glimmering perception in Rollo's mind that deception would only be practicable up to a certain point, and that the scorn and horror and indignation with which Lottie would turn upon the criminal who had intended shame to her would be something as much unlike the ordinary rage of a wronged woman as her trust beyond the ordinary suspicious smoothness of ordinary belief. Shame and she had nothing to do with each other. She might die in the agony of the discovery, but first her eyes, her lips, the passion of her indignant purity would slay. With a deeper regret he thought of the easier tie. Augusta had spoken like a silly woman when she spoke of fatal entanglements. On the contrary, marriage was the fatal thing. The other — what harm would it have done? None to Lottie in her career; no one would have thought any the worse of her. People would be sure to suppose that something of the kind had been in her life, whether it was true or not. It would have done her no harm. And it would not have done Rollo any harm. To think of it as fatal was the most folly. On the contrary, they would have been of use to each other now, and after they would each have been free to consult their own interests. He could not help thinking very regretfully of this so easy, agreeable expedient, which would have been anything but fatal. To be sure this was not, as Augusta said, a high moral point of view, but Rollo did not pretend to be a moralist. All these thoughts poured through his mind again as he went to London, with the full intention of getting a license for his marriage, and making all the arrangements which would bind Lottie to him as his wife. He was obliged to do this; he could not help himself. Much rather would he have done anything else — taken the other alternative — but it was not possible. There was but this one thing to do — a thing which put it entirely out of his power forever and ever to consider the claims of any really nice person with a hundred thousand pounds at her disposal. Rollo did not pretend that he was glad to do this. He was no triumphant bridegroom, but he was a true lover, and not a villain, and regretfully but steadfastly he gave himself up to what he had to do.

It was too late to do anything in respect to the license when he arrived in town, but there were many other things to be settled, in order to make a considerably long absence practicable, and these he arranged in his own mind as he reached town. For one thing he had the funds to provide, and

that, as will be readily perceived, was no small matter. He walked out of the railway, pondering this in his mind. It was a grave question, not one to be lightly solved. He did not want to return to town till the season should have begun. No doubt five months' honeymooning would bore any man, but he felt it to be too important to think of mere personal amusement. He could always make expeditions himself to the centres of Italian life, and get a share of any amusement that might be going when he had settled down Lottie to her students, under the best masters that were to be had. All this was quite easily settled, but for an absence of five months, if you have not any income to speak of, it is necessary to have an understanding with your bankers, or somebody else. He meant to try his bankers, for his confidence in Lottie's future success was extreme, and he felt justified in speaking of it as money which his future wife would be entitled to. All these plans he was laying very deliberately in his head, calculating how much he would need, and various other particulars, when the face of a man approaching in a hansom suddenly struck him. It was Rixon, his father's confidential servant, a man who had been in Lord Courtland's service as long as anybody could recollect. What was he doing there? The hansom was directing its course towards the railway from which Rollo had just come, and Rixon's countenance was of an extreme gravity. What could it mean? Could anything have happened? Rollo saw the hansom pass, but its occupant did not see him. He could not banish from his thoughts the idea that something must have happened — that it was to tell him something, some news more or less terrible, that Rixon was on his way to the railway which went to St. Michael's. After a moment's hesitation he turned and went back to the railway, not being able to divest himself of this idea. To be sure Rixon might be going somewhere on business of his own. He might be concerned about his own affairs. Still Rollo turned and went back. In any case it was best to know. The man was standing among several others, waiting to take his ticket for the train, when Rollo went back; he was getting his money out of his pocket preparatory to paying his fare. But looking up as he did this, Rixon started, put his money back, and immediately disengaged himself from the *queue*. It was then a message from home of sufficient importance to be sent by special envoy. Rollo had time to examine this

bearer of ill news as he approached. What but ill news was ever so urgent? Special messengers do not travel about to stray sons of a family with news of birth or bridal. There is but one thing which calls for such state, and that is death. Rollo ran over all the chances in a moment in his mind. His father—if it were his father there would be a little delay, a little ready money, more need than ever, and a very good excuse for keeping everything quiet. It was not absolute want of feeling that suggested this thought. If it was his father there would be many reasons for being sorry. Home, with your brother at the head of affairs, is not home like your father's house. And Lord Courtland, though his second son had worn out his kindness, was still kind more or less. Rollo was not insensible; he felt the dull consciousness of a blow before he received it, as he fixed his eyes upon Rixon's mournful countenance, and the band on his hat.

"What is the matter?" he said, as the man approached. "What has happened? You were going to me? Tell me at once what it is."

"I beg your pardon, sir!" said Rixon, with the perpetual apology of a well-bred servant. "Yes, sir, I was going to St. Michael's. My lord sent me to tell you —"

"Thank heaven that it is not my father! You mean that my father sent you? That is a relief," said Rollo, drawing a long breath.

"Yes, my — sir!" said Rixon, with confusion, "my lord is in the enjoyment of perfect health — at least as good as is compatible with the great misfortune, the catastrophe that has — snatched —"

"What do you mean?" said Rollo. Rixon was fond of long words. He laughed. "You are always mysterious. But if my father is all right —"

"Oh, don't! my — don't, sir!" said the man; "laughing is not what ought to be on your lips at such a moment. Your brother has had an accident —"

"My brother — Ridsdale? Good heavens! Won't you speak out? What has happened?" said Rollo, with blanched cheeks. Honor, fear, hope, all sprung up within him, indistinguishable the one from the other. The moment seemed a year during which he stood waiting for Rixon's next word.

"It is too true, my lord," said the man, and the words threw around Rollo a gleam of glowing light. "Your brother had a terrible accident on the hunting-field. His

horse stumbled on King's Mead, at that bad fence by Willowbrook. He was taken up insensible, and died before he could be got home. Things are in a terrible state at Courtlands. I was sent to let your lordship know. My lord would be glad if you would come home at once!"

Rollo staggered back, and put himself against the wall. A cold moisture burst out over him. He grew so pale that Rixon thought he was going to faint. The man said afterwards that he could not have believed that Mr. Ridsdale had so much feeling. And partly it was feeling, as Rixon thought. For the first moment the thought that his brother, upon whom fate had always smiled — Ridsdale! *Ridsdale!* — the very impersonation of prosperity and good fortune, should be lying dead, actually dead, at his age, with all his prospects, appalled him. It seemed too much unnatural, beyond all possibility of belief. Then the blood rushed back through all his veins with a flush and suffusion of sudden heat. The change alarmed the messenger of so much evil and so much good. He put out his hand to support his young master. "My lord, my lord!" he said (they were words which Rixon loved to repeat, and which added to his own dignity as a gentleman's gentleman), "remember your father; now that your lamented brother is gone, all his lordship's trust is in you."

Rollo waved his hand, not caring for a moment to speak. "Let me alone!" he said. "Let me alone! leave me to myself." And it did not take him long to recover and shake off the horrible impression, and realize the astounding change that had occurred. Perhaps it is not possible that the death of a brother, which produces so extraordinary and beneficial a change in the situation and prospects of the next in succession, can be regarded with the same natural feeling as that which such an event naturally calls forth. There was a sudden shock, then a consciousness that something was requested from him, some show of grief and profound distress, and then a bewildering, overwhelming, stupefying, yet exciting realization of the change thus suddenly accomplished in himself. He was no longer merely Rollo, a fashionable adventurer, dealing in any kind of doubtful speculation, and legitimized gambling, a man of no importance to any one, and free to carry out whatever bargains might come into his head. But now — who? Lord Ridsdale, his father's heir; the future head of a great family; a future peer; and already endowed with

all the importance of an heir-apparent. The world seemed to go round and round with Rollo, and when it settled again out of the whirling and pale confusion as of an earthquake, it was not any longer the same world. The proportion of things had changed in the twinkling of an eye. The distant and the near had changed places. What was close to him before receded; what was far away became near. In the hurry of his thoughts he could not even think. Pain mingled with everything, with the giddiness of a strange elation, with the bewilderment of a surprise more startling than had ever come to him before in all his life. Ridsdale — he who had always been so smiling and prosperous; he to whom everything was forgiven; whose sins were only peccadilloes; whose lightest schoolboy successes were trumpeted abroad, whose movements were recorded wherever he went — inconceivable that he should be lying — dead; inconceivable that Rollo, the detrimental, the one in the family whom all disapproved of, should be put in his place, and succeed to all his privileges and exemptions. It did not seem possible. It needed Rixon saying my lord to him at every moment to make the curious fiction seem true. Rixon got a cab to drive his young master to the other station, by which he must go to Courtlands; and Rollo, leaving all his former life behind him, leaving his license, his marriage, his bride, in the opposite direction, fading into misty spectres, turned his back upon all that had been most important to him half an hour ago, and drove away.

He went through that day like a dream — the whole course of his existence turned into another channel. He got home, rolling up to the familiar door with sensations so different from any that had ever moved him at entering that door before. He looked at it this time with a feeling of proprietorship. It had been his home for all his early life; but now it was going to be *his own*, which is very different. He looked at the very trees with a different feeling, wondering why so many should be marked for cutting down. What had they been doing to want to get rid of so many trees? When he went into the room where his brother lay dead, it was to him as if a waxen image lay there, as if it was all a skillful scene arranged to make believe that such a change, one man substituted for another, was true. But to Rollo it did not seem to be true. It was the younger son who had died, with all his busy schemes — his plans for the future, his

contrivances to get money, and the strange connections which he had found. Rollo, who was the founder of the new opera, the partner of the bustling manager; it was he who was lying on that bed. All his plans would be buried with him — his Bohemianism, his enterprise, his — What was it that poor fool had gone in for, the last of all his undertakings, the thing in which he had been happily arrested ere he could harm himself or embarrass the family — his love — It was when standing by the bed on which his brother lay dead that this suddenly darted into the new Lord Ridsdale's mind. He turned away with a half groan. Providence had interposed to prevent that foolish fellow from consummating his fate. He had not yet reached the highest pitch of folly when the blow fell. Something there was which the family had escaped. When the key was turned again in the door, and he went back to another darkened room and heard all about the accident, it was almost on his lips to contradict the speakers, and tell them it was not Ridsdale that was dead. But he did not do so. He preserved his decorum and seriousness. He was "very feeling." The Lord Courtland who had been afraid of his son's levity, and had trembled lest Rollo, who had never been on any intimate terms with his brother, should show less sorrow than was becoming, was deeply satisfied. "How little we know what is in a man till he's tried," he said to his sister, Lady Beatrice. Lady Courtland, the mother of the young man, was happily long ago dead.

Thus, after setting out in the morning, full of tender ardor, to make the arrangements for his marriage, Rollo found himself at night one of the chief mourners in a house full of weeping. It was late at night when he got to his own room, and was able really to set himself to consider his own affairs. Which was his own affairs? The cares of the head of the family, the earl's heir and right hand, or those strangely different anxieties which had been in the mind of the second son. When he sat down to think it over, once more there came a giddiness and bewilderment over Rollo's being. He seemed scarcely able to force back upon himself the events which had happened at St. Michael's only this morning. The figure of Lottie appeared to him through the mist, far, far away, dimly apparent at the end of a long vista. Lottie! What had he intended to do? he had meant to get a license for his marriage with her, to arrange how he could get money — if

money was to be had by hook or by crook — to see about the tickets for their journey, to decide where to go to — even to provide travelling-wraps for his bride. All this he had come to London to do only this morning, and now it almost cost him an effort to recollect what it was. He would have been glad to evade the subject, to feel that he had a right to rest after such a fatiguing day, but the revolution in and about him was such that he could not rest. St. Michael's and all its scenes passed before him like dissolving views, fading off into the mist, then rising again in spectral indistinctness. He could not think they belonged to him, or that the central figure in all these pictures was his own. Was it not rather his brother — he who had died. It seemed to Lord Ridsdale that he was settling Rollo's affairs for him, thinking what was best to be done. He had been horribly imprudent, and had planned a still greater imprudence to come, when death arrested him in mid-career; but, heaven be praised, the heedless fellow had been stopped before he committed himself. Rollo shuddered to think what would have happened had the family been hampered by a wife. A wife! What a fool he had been; what a dream he had been entertaining — folly, unmitigated, inexcusable; but, thank heaven, he had been stopped in time. Lottie — that was her name; and she had been very fond of him; poor girl, it would be a great disappointment for her. Thus Rollo thought, not feeling that he had anything to do with it. It was all over; so completely over that there was scarcely a struggle in his mind, scarcely any controversy on the subject. No advocate, heavenly or diabolical, spoke on Lottie's behalf. The whole affair was done with — it was impossible — there was no room even for consideration. For Lord Ridsdale to marry a nameless girl, the highest possibility in whose lot was to become a singer, and who had to be educated before even that was practicable, was not to be thought of. It was a bad thing for the poor girl — poor thing! no doubt it was hard upon her.

Thus — was it any doing of Rollo's? Providence itself opened a door of escape for him from his unwary follies. Law had not acted in the same way. When good fortune came round, by a mere savage and uncultivated sentiment of honor he had gone to the girl who had been his sweetheart to propose that she should share it. Lord Ridsdale, however, was not of this vulgar strain. The savage virtues were

not in his way — they were not possible in his circumstances. *Noblesse oblige* — he could not raise Lottie to the sublime elevation of the rank he had so unexpectedly fallen into. It was not possible. The matter was so clear that it barred all question. There was not a word to be said on her side.

Nevertheless, had it not been for all the trouble about poor Ridsdale's funeral, and the attentions required by the father, whose manner had so entirely changed to his surviving son, and who was now altogether dependent upon him, the new heir to the honors of the Courtland family might have broken off with his old love in a more considerate way. But, after all, a little more or less, what did it matter? The important point, for her sake especially, was that the change should be perfectly definite and clear. Poor Lottie! he was so sorry for her. It would be better, much better for her to hate him now, if she could; and, above all, it was the kindest thing to her to make the disruption distinct above all possibility either of doubt or of hope.

CHAPTER XLII.

CAPTAIN DESPARD put on his best coat after his return from the Abbey on the morning of Rollo's departure. He brushed his hat with more than his usual care. He found, after much investigation, among what he called his papers, an ancient and shabby card-case, and thus equipped set forth on his solemn mission. He had a bit of red geranium in his button-hole which looked cheerful against the damp and gloom of the morning. Polly, who was looking out upon him from the window, thought the captain a finished gentleman, and felt a swell of pride expand her bosom — of pride and of anxiety as well — for if, by good fortune, the captain should succeed in his mission, then Polly felt that there would be a reasonable chance of getting "her house to herself." Lottie's kind withdrawal from all the concerns of the house had indeed given her stepmother a great deal less trouble than she had expected; but she could not escape from the idea of Lottie's criticism; and the sight of the girl, sitting there, looking as if she knew better, though she never said anything, was to Polly as gall and wormwood. If she would have spoken, there would have been less harm. Mrs. Despard was always ready for a conflict of tongues, and knew that she was not likely to come off second best; but Lottie's silence exasper-

ated her, and it was the highest object of her desires to get her house to herself. Lottie was coming down the Dean's Walk, calm, and relieved, and happy, after seeing her lover make his way down the slopes, when the captain turned towards the cloisters. Her heart gave a jump of irritation and excitement, followed by a gleam of angry pleasure. This mission, which was an insult to her and to Rollo alike, would be a failure, thank heaven; but still it was a shame that it should ever have been undertaken. Oh, how unlike, she thought, the perfect trust and faith that was between them to intrude this vulgar inquiry, this coarse interference into the perfection of their love! It brought the tears to Lottie's eyes to think how ready he was to throw prudence to the winds for her sake, to accept all the risks of life rather than leave her to suffer; the only question between them being whether it was right for her to accept such a sacrifice. Lottie did not think of the approval of his family as she ought to have done, and as for the approval of her own, though the secret vexed her a little, yet she was glad to escape from the noisy congratulations to which she would have been subjected, and her father's unctuous satisfaction. A few days longer, and the new wife whose person was an offence to Lottie would have her house to herself. The two, upon such opposite sides, used the very same words. Lottie, too, was thankful above measure that Mrs. Despard would have her house to herself. She calculated the days — Wednesday, Thursday, Friday — Friday was the day on which she should meet him, in the afternoon, while all the world at St. Michael's was at the afternoon service, and when the signor, on the organ, which had been the accompaniment to all the story of their love, would be filling the wintry air with majestic and tender and solemn sound. She seemed to hear the pealing of that wonderful symphony, and Rollo's voice against it, like a figure standing out against a noble background, telling her all he had done, and when and how the crowning event of this story was to be. Her heart was beating yet softly in Lottie's breast. Supreme expectation, yet satisfaction, an agitated calm, a pathetic happiness, and feeling too exquisite in its kind to be without a touch of pain, filled all her veins. The happiness she had most prized all her life was to have her ideal fulfilled in those she loved; and was it possible that any man could have more nobly done what a true lover should do than Rollo was doing it? She

was happy in that he loved her above prudence and care and worldly advantage; but she was almost happier in that this generosity, this tender ardor, this quick and sudden action of the deliverer was all that poet could have asked or imagination thought of. These were her passions, poor girl; the passions of a foolish, inexperienced creature, knowing nothing, and far enough from the truth that the charitable may forgive her, heaven knows!

When she went in, Polly called her, with a certain imperiousness. She was on her way to her room, that sole bower of safety; but this Mrs. Despard had made up her mind not to allow. "You may show me those scales you were speaking of," said Polly. "I daresay I'll remember as soon as I see them. It will take up your attention, and it will take up my attention till your pa comes back. I'm that full of sympathy (though it can't be said as you deserve it), that though I have nothing to do with it, I am just as anxious as you are."

"I am not anxious," Lottie said proudly, but she would not condescend to say more. She brought out an old music-book with easy lessons for a beginner, at which she had herself labored in her childhood, and placed it before her scholar. The notes were like Hebrew and Greek to Polly, and she could not twist her fingers into the proper places. These fingers were not like a child's pliable joints, and how to move each one separately was a problem which she could not master. She sat at the piano with the greatest seriousness, striking a note a minute with much strain of the unaccustomed hand, and now and then looking up jealously to see if her instructress was laughing at her; but Lottie was too preoccupied to smile. She heard her father coming back in what she felt to be angry haste; and then, with her heart beating, listened to his steps upon the stairs. At this Polly too was startled, and jumping up from her laborious exercise snatched the old music-book from its place and opened it at random at another page.

"Me and Miss Lottie, we've been practising our duet," she said. "La, Harry! is that you back so soon?"

"The fellow's gone," said Captain Despard, throwing down his hat and cane; that hat which had been brushed for nothing, which had not even overawed Mr. Jermin, who gazed at him superciliously, holding the Deanery door half open, and not impressed at all by the fine manners of the chevalier. "The fellow's gone! He did not mean to go yesterday, that odious menial as good as confessed. He has

heard I was coming, and he has fled. There could not be a worse sign. My poor child! Lottie," said the captain, suddenly catching a gleam of something like enjoyment in her eyes, "you do not mean to tell me that you were the traitor! You! Was it you told him? could such a thing be?"

Lottie scorned to deny what she had done. She was too proud and too rash to think that she was betraying herself by the acknowledgment. She met her father's eye with involuntary defiance. "You would not listen to me," she said, "and I could not bear it. Who was it that would suffer except me? It was a disgrace! I warned him you were coming." As she spoke she suddenly perceived all that was involved in the confession, and grew crimson-red, and then pale.

"So, miss," said Polly, "you're nicely caught. Keeping company all this time, and never to say a word to nobody; but if I were your pa, you shouldn't be let off like that. Was it for nothing but a bit of fun you've been going on with the gentleman? That's carrying it a deal too far, that is. And when your pa takes it in hand to bring him to the point, you ups and tells him, and frightens him away. I'd just like to know—and, Harry, I'd have you to ask her—what she means by it. What do you mean by it, miss? Do you mean to live on him forever, and eat us out of house and home? If you won't work for your living, nor do anything to get a husband, I'd just like to know what you mean to do?"

"Hold your tongue," said her husband. "Let her alone. It is I that must speak. Lottie, is it really true that you have betrayed your father? You have separated yourself from me and put yourself on the side of a villain!"

"Mr. Ridsdale is not a villain," said Lottie passionately. "What has he done? He has done nothing that can give you any right to interfere with him. I told him, because I would not have him interfered with. He has done nothing."

"He has trifled with my child's affections," said the captain. "He has filled our minds with false expectations. By Jove, he had better not come in the way of Harry Despard, if that's how he means to behave. I'll horsewhip the fellow—I'll knife him; I'll show him up, if he were twenty times the dean's nephew. And you, girl, what can any one say to you—never thinking of your own interest, or of what's to become of you, as Mrs. Despard says?"

"Her own interest!" cried Polly. "Oh, she'll take care of herself, never fear. She knows you won't turn her to the door, Harry. You're too soft, and they knows it. They'll be upon you and eat up everything you have, till you have the courage to tell them as you won't put up with it. Yes, it's your interest I'm thinking of. You haven't got nobody but me to look to you. Both Law and miss, they're for themselves, thinking of nothing but what they can get out of you. Oh, you needn't turn upon me, Miss Lottie. As long as there was a chance of a good 'usband I never said a word; but when you goes and throws your chance away out of wilful pride, then I'm bound to speak. Your poor pa has not a penny, and all that he has he wants for himself, and I want my house to myself, Harry; you always promised I was to have my house to myself. I don't want none of your grown-up daughters, as think themselves a deal better than me. I think I will go out of my mind with Miss Lottie's lessons, and Mr. Law's lessons, and all the rest. I never would have married you—you know I shouldn't—if I hadn't thought as I was to have my house to myself."

"My love," said the captain deprecatingly, "you know it is not my fault. You know that if I could I would give you everything. If I had not had good reason to think—"

"Good reason to think!" cried Polly. "I'd take care as I had good reason, if I was in your place. I'd show them as my way was the way to be took. I'd teach them as they shouldn't get all their vagaries off me, and do as they like. I'd let 'em see as they'd have to work for themselves, or do something for themselves—get a 'usband, or an office, or something. You've got no right—you that has a wife of your own to look to—to let a first family eat you out of house and home."

"Papa," said Lottie, "who had been standing by trembling, but less with fear than passionate disgust and anger, "do you agree in what she says?"

"Of course he agrees," says Polly. "He hasn't got any choice; he's obliged to say the same as me. He promised me when I married him as you shouldn't be left long in my way. He told me as you was going to be married. One girl don't like another girl for everlasting in her road; and you never took no trouble to make yourself agreeable, not even about the music. Harry, do you hear me? Speak up, and say the truth for once. Tell her if she goes on going against me

and you, and all we do for her, like this, that you won't have her here."

"My child," said the captain, who, to do him justice, was by no means happy in his task, "you see me in a difficult position, a most difficult position. What can I say? Mrs. Despard is right. When I married it was my opinion that you would soon make also a happy and brilliant marriage. How far that influenced me I need not say. I thought you would be established yourself, and able to help your brother and — and even myself. I'm disappointed, I cannot deny it; and if you have now, instead of fulfilling my expectations, done your best, your very best, to balk —"

The captain hesitated and faltered, and tried to swagger, but in vain. He had the traditions of a gentleman lingering about him, and Lottie was his child when all was said. He could not look at her, or meet her eyes; and Lottie, for her part, who could see nothing but from her own side of the question, who did not at all realize his, nor recognize any extenuating circumstances in the plea that he thought her about to marry, or any justice in his wife's desire to have her house to herself, so blazed upon him with lofty indignation as to have altogether consumed her father had he been weak enough to look at her. She did not even look at Polly, who stood by, eager to rush into the fray.

"In that case," she said, with a passionate solemnity, "you shall be satisfied, papa. A few days and you shall be satisfied. I will not ask any shelter from you after — a few days."

Though it was happiness Lottie looked forward to, and there could no longer in this house be anything but pain and trouble for her, these words seemed to choke her. To leave her father's house thus; to make such a change in her life thus; all Lottie's sense of what was fit and seemly was wounded beyond description. She turned away, listening to none of the questions which were showered upon her. "What did she mean? Where was she going? When did she intend to go? What was she thinking of?" To all these Lottie made no reply; she did not even wait to hear them, but swept away with something of the conscious stateliness of the injured which it is so hard for youth to deny itself. Heaven knows her heart was full enough. Yet there was in Lottie's deportment, as she swept out of the room, perhaps a touch of the injured heroine, a suggestion of a tragedy queen.

She went into her own room, where she found comfort very speedily in such prep-

arations for her departure as she could make. She took out her white muslin dress, the simple garment which was so associated with thoughts of Rollo, and spent an hour of painful yet pleasant curiosity on it, wondering how it could be made to serve for Saturday. Such a marriage made the toilette of a bride impossible; but Lottie could not bear the thought of standing by her lover's side, and pledging him her faith in her poor little brown frock which she had worn all the winter past. She thought that, carefully pinned up under her cloak, she might wear this only white gown to be a little like a bride. It had been washed, but it had not suffered much. The folds might be a little stiffer and less flowing than before they had undergone the indignity of starch; but still they were fresh and white, and Lottie did not think it would be noticed that the dress was not new. Perhaps it was more appropriate that in her poverty and desolation she should go to him in the gown she had worn, not in one made new and lovely, as if there were people who cared. "Nobody cared," she said to herself, but without the usual depression which these words carry. She frilled up the bodice of her little dress, which had been made open at the throat for evening use, and made it fit close. She put her pearl locket upon a bit of white ribbon. Doing this consoled her for the pangs she had borne. All the money she had of her own was one sovereign, which she had kept from the time of her mother's death as a last supreme resource in case of emergency. Surely she might use it now. Taking this precious coin from the little old purse in which it was put away, in the deepest corner of an old Indian box, purse and box and coin all coming from her mother, Lottie went out to make certain purchases. She was forlorn, but her heart was light. She went down to the great shop not far from the Abbey gates, of which St. Michael's was proud, and bought some tulle and white ribbons. Poor child! her heart yearned for a little sprig of orange-blossoms, but she did not venture to ask for anything that would betray her. It seemed to Lottie that she met everybody as she went home with her little parcel in her hand. She met Mr. Ashford, who was greatly surprised that she did not stop to speak to him about Law, and who was, indeed, to tell the truth, somewhat disappointed and chagrined that his liberality to his pupil had as yet met with no response except from that pupil himself.

The minor canon looked at her wistfully; but Lottie, being full of her own thoughts, did nothing but smile in reply to his bow. Then she met Captain Temple, who, less shy, came to her side eagerly, complaining and upbraiding her that she had deserted him.

"I never see you," said the old man, "and my wife says the same, who takes so much interest in you. We hope, my dear," he said, with a little irony, half vexed with her, "that all is going better — going well now?"

"Indeed it is not, Captain Temple," Lottie said, tears coming suddenly to her eyes. She could not but wonder what he would think of her if he knew, if he would disapprove of her, and this sudden thought brought a look of anxiety and sudden emotion into her eyes.

"My poor child!" cried the old chevalier. The ready moisture sprang to his eyes also. "Lottie," he said, "my wife takes a great interest in you; she would be very fond of you if she knew you better. Come to us, my dear, and we will take care of you." He said it with the fervor of doubt, for he was not sure, after all, how far he could calculate on his wife, and this gave a tremulous heat to his proposition.

But Lottie shook her head and smiled, though the tears were in her eyes. Oh, if she only dared to tell him what was the deliverance which was so near! He went with her to her door, repeating to her this offer of service.

"You might be like our own child," he said. "My wife cannot talk of it — but she would be very fond of you, my dear, when she knew you. If things go on badly, you will come to us — say you will come to us, Lottie."

And while these words were in her ears, old Mrs. Dalrymple came out to her door, to ask if Lottie would not come in, if she would come to tea — if she would stay with them for a day or two.

"It is only next door, to be sure; but it would be a change," the old lady said.

The ladies in the lodges had forgiven her for her foolish pride, and for the notice the great people had taken of her, and for all the signs of discontent that Lottie had shown on her first coming to the Abbey. Now that the girl was in trouble they were all good to her, compassionate of her forlorn condition, and making common cause with her against the infliction of the step-mother, who was an insult to every one of them. There was not one chevalier's wife who was not personally insulted, outraged in her most tender feelings, by the intru-

sion of Polly, and this quickened their sympathies to the poor girl, who was the most cruelly injured of all.

When Mrs. O'Shaughnessy saw the little group at her neighbor's door, she too came out. "It's her own fault, me dear lady, if she ever eats a meal there," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy; "me and the major, we are both as fond of her as if she was our own."

Lottie stood amongst them and cried softly, taking care that her tears did not drop upon the little parcel with the letter which was connected with dearer hopes.

"I don't deserve that you should all be so good to me," she said. And indeed it was true, for Lottie had been very haughty in her time to the kind people who forgave her in her trouble.

Thus it was that she shared the dinner of the good O'Shaughnessys, and only went home in the afternoon, after Polly and the captain had been seen to go out, when Lottie shut herself up in her room, and with much excitement began the "composition" for which she had bought the materials. It is needless to say that with so little money as she had ever had, Lottie had learnt, *tant bien que mal*, to make most of her own articles of apparel. How she had sighed to have her dresses come home all complete from the dress-maker's like Augusta Huntington's! but as sighing did no good, Lottie had fitted herself with her gowns, and trimmed the little straw hats and the occasional bonnet which she permitted herself for going to church in, since ever she was able to use her needle and her scissors. She had never however done anything so ambitious as the little tulle bonnet which she meant to be married in. She would have liked a veil, could any one doubt? But with no better tiring-room than the waiting-room at the railway, how was she to put herself into a veil? She had to give up that idea with a sigh. But with her pale cheeks glowing with two roses, and her blue eyes lighted up with the fires of invention, she sat all the afternoon, with her door locked, making that bonnet. If she but had a little sprig of orange-blossom to make what it meant! but here Lottie's courage failed her. *That* she could not venture to buy.

In this way the days glided on till Friday came. Lottie made a complete arrangement of the things she cared for — the few books, the little trifling possessions of no value, which yet were dear to her, and put up her little bonnet (bonnets were worn very small, the fashion-books said) in a

tiny parcel which she could carry in her hand. All her preparations were made. When she was not in her room making these last arrangements, she was out of doors — in the Abbey or on the slopes — or with the friends who sought her so kindly, and gave her such meals as she would accept, and would have given her a great many more — overwhelmed her, indeed, with eating and drinking if she would have consented. To some of these Lottie allowed herself the privilege of saying that it was only for a few days she should remain in her father's house. She would not tell where she was going. To friends — yes, it was to friends. This gave great relief to the minds of the chevaliers generally, except to Captain Temple, who did not like it. The announcement even drew from him something like a reproach to his wife.

"If you had come forward — if you had gone to her when she was in trouble," he said, "we might have had a child again to comfort us." When he saw the shiver and tremble that came over her, the old captain could not forgive himself; but he was sadly put out, and did nothing but roam about all the day restless and lamenting. He went to the signor's to hear what Lottie thought would be her last lesson, and thus bemoaned himself.

"Going away!" the signor said in great surprise; and Lottie sang so well that day that the musician felt the desertion doubly. She sang fitfully, but finely, saying to herself all the time, "To-morrow — to-morrow!" and taking her leave, as she supposed, joyfully, regretfully, of art. That day Lottie thought nothing whatever about art. Her spirit was moved to its very depths. To-morrow the man whom she loved was coming to take her away from all that was petty, all that was unlovely in her life. From the hardness of fate, from the unkindness of her family, from the house that was desecrated, from the existence which was not made sweet by any love — he was coming to deliver her. The very air was all excitement, all agitation, to Lottie. It was not so much that she was glad — happiness was in it, and trouble, and regret, and agitation, made up by all these together. It was life in its strongest strain, tingling, throbbing, at the highest pressure. The earth was elastic under her feet, the whole world was full of this which was about to happen; and how she sang! Those lessons of hers were as a drama to the signor, but he did not understand this. He had understood the struggle she made to get hold of her powers on the day when

Rollo was not there, and Lottie had made a proud, forlorn attempt to devote herself to song as song; he had understood the confusion and bewildered discouragement of the day when Mrs. Daventry assisted at the lesson; but this time the signor was puzzled. There was nothing to excite, only Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Captain Temple, listeners who cared nothing for art, but only for Lottie, and how she sang! He made her a little solemn compliment almost for the first time.

"Miss Despard," he said, "you change from lesson to lesson — it is always another voice I hear; but this is the one I should like to retain, this is the one that shows what wonderful progress we have made."

Lottie smiled in a way which nearly won the signor's sturdy heart. A golden dazzlement of light got into her eyes, as if the slanting afternoon sun was in them. She did not speak, but she gave him her hand, — a thing which was very rare with Lottie. The signor was flattered and touched; but he would not have been so flattered had he known that she was saying to herself, "It is the last — it is the last!"

Mr. Ashford met the party coming out, and walked with them along the north side of the Abbey and through the cloisters. He could not make out why Lottie said nothing to him about her brother. To tell the truth, he wanted to have something for his money, and it did not seem that he was likely to get anything. He said to her at last, abruptly, "I hope you think Law is likely to do well, Miss Despard?"

"Law?" she said, looking up with wondering eyes.

He was so confounded by her look of bewilderment that he did not say anything more.

Next day dawned bright and fair, as it ought. A fair, clear, sunny winter's day — not a leaf, even of those few that hung upon the ends of the boughs, stirring — not a cloud. Earth in such a day seems hanging suspended in the bright sphere, not certain yet whether she will turn back again to the careless summer, or go through her winter spell of storm duty. Lottie had all her preparations made. Her dress ready to put on in the morning; her little bonnet done up in a parcel incredibly small, a veil looped about it, and the great cloak, a homely waterproof, which was to cover her from head to foot, and conceal her finery, hung out all ready. Everything ready — nothing now to be done but to meet him on the slopes, and to hear everything he had done, and arrange how

to meet him in the morning. Even her railway fare, so many shillings, was put ready. She would not let him pay even that for her until she belonged to him. She went out, with the dreamy sweetness of the approaching climax in her eyes, when the last rays of the sunset were catching all the Abbey pinnacles. She scarcely saw the path over which her light feet skimmed. The people who passed her glided like the people in a dream; the absorbing sweet agitation of happiness and fear, and hope and content, was in all her veins; her eyes were suffused with light as eyes get suffused with tears — an indescribable elation and alarm, sweet panic, yet calm, was in her breast. Mr. Ashford met her going along, swift and light, and with that air of abstraction from everything around her. She did not see him, nor any one; but she remembered after that she had seen him, and the very turn of the road where he made a half pause to speak to her, which she had not taken any notice of; indeed, at the moment she did not see him, as has been said. In this soft rapture Lottie went to the corner of the seat under the elm-tree. It was too early, but she placed herself there to wait till he should come to her. This was the place where he was certain to come. By-and-by she would hear his step, skimming too, almost as light and quick as her own — or hear him vaulting over the low wall from the Deanery — or perhaps, to attract less notice, coming up the winding way from the slopes. Where she sat was within reach of all the three. It was a little chill now that the sun had gone down, but Lottie did not feel. She sat down with a smile of happy anticipation on her face, hearing the Abbey bells in the clear, frosty air, and then the bursting forth of the organ, and all the strains of the music. These filled up her thoughts like magic, and it was not till a sudden swell of the organ from the Abbey put Lottie in mind of the length of time she was waiting, that she woke up to think of the possibility that something might have detained her lover. It was strange that he should be so late. The light was waning, and the sounds about were eerie; the wind that had lain so still all day woke up, and wandered chilly among the bare shrubberies, tossing off the late leaves. She shivered a little with the cold and the waiting. Why did he not come? and the hour of stillness was passing fast, the organ pealing, the light fading moment by moment. Why was not Rollo here?

At last there was a step. It was not

light and quiet like his step, but something might have happened to make it sound differently — something in the air, or something in him, some gravity of movement befitting the importance of the occasion. So anxiety beguiles itself, trying to believe what it wishes. The step came nearer, and Lottie roused herself, a little alarmed, wondering if anything (she could not tell what) could have happened to him, and looked round. A figure — a man coming her way. Her heart jumped into her throat, then sunk down, down, with a flutter of fright and pain. It was not Rollo — but what then? It was only some chance passer-by, not having anything to do with her and him. Another moment, and she waited with an agonized hope that he was passing along without taking any notice, and that he had indeed nothing at all to do with her. But the steady step came on — nearer, nearer. She raised her head, she opened her eyes that had been veiled in such sweet dreams with a wideness of fear and horror. What could he have to do with her? What had he come to tell her? The man came up to her straight, without any hesitation. He said, "Are you Miss Despard, ma'am? I was sent to give you this from my lord."

My lord — who was my lord? She took it with a gasp of terror. It was not Rollo that was my lord. The man, a middle-aged, respectable servant, gave her a look of grave pity and went away. Lottie sat still for a moment with the letter in her hand, thinking with wild impatience that the sound of these heavy departing steps would prevent her from hearing Rollo's light ones when he came. My lord — who was my lord? Suddenly an idea seized upon her — struck her like an arrow. The light was almost gone. She tore the letter open, and read it by the faint chill shining of the skies, though it was almost too dark to see.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
AMERICA REDIVIVA.

THE return to specie payments, if safely effected on the 1st of January, will make an epoch in the history of the United States and a great moral tradition for the people. The accomplished fact will enkindle belief in all reform and progress, and will falsify the predictions of the prophets (and they were many) who foretold that the democracy would never submit to the great sacrifices necessary to raise the value of all

debts from thirty-eight cents in 1864 to one hundred cents to-day. A recent instance will prove what a crucial test this has been. In June, 1864, an Englishman lent 10,000*l.*, or its then equivalent, \$120,000, on mortgage on an American farm worth \$400,000. The loan has just been repaid, and the \$120,000 produces 24,500*l.* Thus his profit has been 14,500*l.*, besides interest during the fourteen years at the rate of six per cent. per annum to start with, increasing to fourteen and a half per cent. per annum with the rise in value of the currency. What he, as a creditor, has gained in this way his unfortunate American debtor has lost. There can be no doubt of the hardship of such a case. Here truly is an "unearned increment of value" almost sufficient to justify the expression "bloated capitalist"! And this is the real meaning of resumption. It is of course true that depreciation is equally hard on all creditors, and if the two processes concerned the same individuals the results might be equalized and no great harm done. But as a matter of fact this never can be so, and I think it redounds to the credit of universal suffrage that each time hard or soft money has been fairly brought to a popular vote the people have been true to themselves, notwithstanding all that the most skilful and unscrupulous demagogues could urge to seduce them. The honesty evinced at the polls is the more striking when it is remembered that one person out of every four in the United States has both a foreign father and a foreign mother, and that *their* patriotism therefore cannot have very deep roots. Not to mention English and Scotchmen, there are almost as many Germans as Irishmen, and these are not always the best specimens of their nationalities, while a very great number of them went to the country as professed socialists. The welding of this immense foreign mass into the native metal is a very trying process, and must ever be borne in mind in criticising American proceedings. After resumption it will be difficult even for pessimists altogether to despair of the republic. We have known something of the difficulties of paper money in England, and, so lately as 1835, Mr. Mill found it necessary to adopt very severe language in denouncing the "currency juggle" here.

But the birth-throes of resumption were not the only cause of the bad times and suffering which have been experienced in America during the last five years; and it may be useful rapidly to run over the period between 1862 and 1873 before pro-

ceeding to notice the later events which have conduced to a very considerable revival of soundness and prosperity.

The root of the evil was the destruction of capital during the civil war, which may be measured, in some sense, by the withdrawal of a million and a half of soldiers from active production, and the annihilation of all industry and of a vast amount of property in the Border and Southern States. These influences were not felt in their full force at the time, in the North, owing first to the issue of four hundred million dollars inconvertible legal-tender paper money, and afterwards to the extraordinary amount of borrowing. The immediate effect of the large issues of paper was to make all debtors "feel good," as they say in America. The appended table will show what the one hundred dollar greenback was worth in gold on 30th June of each of the years following 1862:—

1861	100	1870	85'6
1862	96	1871	89'0
1863	76'6	1872	87'5
1864	38'7	1873	86'4
1865	70'4	1874	91'0
1866	66'0	1875	87'2
1867	71'7	1876	89'2
1868	70'1	1877	94'5
1869	73'5	1878	97'3

Any statement of figures, however, can give but a limited idea of the bad effect on all kinds of business and the widespread demoralization incident to the violent daily and hourly fluctuations in the value of the circulating medium. The way in which mercantile transactions were carried on in the second largest commercial city in the world, for several years after the suspension of specie payments, was certainly most curious, and in looking back on it it appears already like a dream. Up to 1867, if my memory serves me right, there was no gold clearing bank in New York; and up to the end of 1865 there was no bank that would take gold on deposit and let cheques be drawn against it. The consequence was that all the gold bought and sold for the first four years after suspension was delivered from office to office in bags containing 1000*l.* each. These used to go round and round from buyer to seller—shovelled in and out again, generally in a few minutes' time—just sufficient to test their weight in a very rough and ready way. It was a striking instance of the difficulty of a community suddenly accommodating themselves to new conditions. No city in the world had better banking

accommodation than New York: nowhere was the economy of labor by the use of cheques and clearing better understood or more fully acted on. But when business had to be done in two currencies instead of one, the requisite facilities could only apparently be developed by slow and gradual stages. First, the bags of gold going round, as in primitive races; then, after some years, cheques; lastly, after some more years, clearing; a beautiful example for students of evolution! Transactions on a large scale in gold did not begin till about the end of July, 1862, when the price rose rather suddenly to one hundred and twenty. This advance made it evident that all mercantile operations must of necessity be kept on a specie-basis, by immediate sales of gold against all produce shipped, and by purchases of gold against all sales of goods imported. A forced paper currency might be a local standard of value in America, but all her external trade operations had to be finally adjusted to the world's standard. This necessitated immense dealings in gold, and, speculation aiding it, the premium advanced by leaps and bounds. In June, 1864, the highest price of two hundred and eighty was touched; that is, it took two hundred and eighty paper dollars to buy one hundred gold dollars. On the day that sales were made at two hundred and eighty, in the morning, the price fell, in one drop, to two hundred and fifty-five, and at three o'clock the same afternoon it was offered at two hundred and twenty-five. From this it will be seen at a glance that any one who borrowed \$100,000 gold in the morning and sold it at two hundred and seventy-five, could have bought it back the same evening at two hundred and twenty-five, netting \$50,000 currency profit on the operation. This is a sample (no doubt an extreme one) of daily fluctuations which went on for months and years. Conducting business under these circumstances was like driving a high-pressure engine, and sitting on the boiler without a safety-valve.

When money was liable to be made or lost in such amounts, in every necessary transaction, the use of working became less and less obvious. How could any really legitimate mercantile operations be entered into under such conditions of uncertainty? A cargo of tea or coffee might be sold at a most satisfactory price in currency, but before the vendor could get from his place of business in South Street to Exchange Place, where he had to buy his gold, a rise or fall in the premium would upset all calculations. So too with exports

of produce, paid for by bills drawn on Europe. Everything depended on how the gold was sold. The uncertainty was even greater in Philadelphia, Baltimore, or St. Louis; since New York alone had a gold exchange, where all the business of the country concentrated. This being so, many merchants turned their attention to trying what could be made by buying and selling gold, pure and simple, without complicating the transactions with merchandise. This was fatal in its simplicity and in the habits it formed. For the step from gambling in gold to gambling in stocks, or anything else, is a very short one. There is, too, at all times a peculiarly speculative element in the ordinary American man of business. He fears the ups and downs of life less than the ordinary European. Excitement is more pleasing to him than any small certainty. He is fond of exercising the sharpness of his wits, and in the fluctuations of the currency opportunities were boundless. The result was that gambling became a predominating national vice, with the sure concomitants of excessive extravagance in living and in general expenditure. New York ran riot. Rents were doubled and trebled. The number of private carriages increased tenfold. So morbid was the craving for perpetual excitement, that a stock and gold exchange was in active operation "up town," at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, then the centre of what may be called the west end of the city. Nor was the fever confined to New York. It permeated every city of the Union. The only people who really seemed to feel poor were the wealthy. It looks like a paradox, but it is a fact. The man with 80,000*l.* out on safe mortgages, who before the war got his 5,000*l.* a year interest, and spent it, found his income gradually going down to 4,000*l.* 3,000*l.* 2,000*l.*; that was the decline if, for instance, he was living in Europe, and it had to be remitted; or, what amounted to the same thing, the currency price of commodities increased to that extent in America. On the other hand, to make quite sure of growing rich, it was only necessary to borrow currency and to buy gold, stocks, merchandise, houses, land, any property, in short. And the more any one borrowed the richer he got. It was well, therefore, to do it *en gros*. Finally it came to this, that nearly every one began to think, and to end by stating, that he was "worth a million dollars"! It was so easy to make, apparently. Thus it will be understood how, even during the existence of the civil war, the whole mass of the people in the

North who were debtors felt themselves better off.

The farmers got high currency prices for their products, and as they were mostly in debt to their mortgagees, they seemed to be coining money. The shopkeepers who bought goods on credit in currency found them constantly advancing in value on their hands. And the moment the war was ended, gigantic borrowing commenced. It is estimated that between 1865 and 1873 America got from Europe between 300,000,000*l.* and 400,000,000*l.* from sales of government, state, city, and railway bonds. This no doubt went a long way to fill up the vacuum of capital caused by the war. And in the five years ending with 1873, over twenty-eight thousand miles of new railroad were constructed at a cost of 280,000,000*l.*, so that the demand for labor was at high pressure, and a vast mass of laborers who had been engaged in the war were quietly absorbed back into productive employment. This put off the day of reckoning, because it is easy to pay high wages with borrowed money.

But the sudden pouring in of immense amounts of new capital is always a very dangerous process in any country, as we have since seen in the payment of the war indemnity to Germany. It is very apt to sap the morality of a people, and it will be understood that the morality of the American people had already been pretty well sapped. No nation could have been subjected to more demoralizing influences than those accompanying the advance in gold from par to 280 in three years, and the decline from 280 to 130 in the five following years. It was in September, 1869, that Messrs. Jay Gould and Fisk concocted the great gold "ring," which was the dying kick of the expiring gold excitement, when in three days the price was forced up from 137 to 167, and back again to 132.

This was one of the most successful and disgraceful "corners" ever effected in Wall Street. It came to a head on "Black Friday," the 24th September, when these stock-gamblers, having all the available gold in their own hands, locked it up, and made it impossible for those who had sold to make deliveries under their contracts except at the conspirators' own price. Many an honest man was ruined by that single day's work; and that so many of them should have paid out their last dollar rather than fail on their contracts shows how binding is that outside conscience, derived from a custom of trade, which will not admit that even such a conspiracy can be pleaded in bar of the fulfilment of ob-

ligations. The clearings for the three days were said to amount to one hundred millions sterling, and it took weeks to get the accounts straight. The "corner" was only broken in the afternoon by a telegram from Washington ordering the assistant treasurer to sell gold for immediate delivery. Even personages very high in the republic were said not to be free from complicity in the whole transaction. If the rose itself was pure, those who dwelt very near indeed to the rose were unquestionably tainted. Corruption was in the air. It grew with what it fed on. Between 1868 and 1873 there were "corners" in everything: in stocks, in grain, in cotton. There was the famous "day of the three corners" in 1872, when five-eighths per cent. was paid for the loan of money, five-eighths per cent. for the loan of gold, and two and one-half per cent. for the loan of Erie stock *for the one day*. Riches were supposed to be made by one man getting his profit out of another's loss. Tweed was robbing the city. Credit Mobilier scandal in connection with the Pacific railways had come to light. The ministers of two of the great departments of state were accused of sharing in the plunder of contracts, and a judge in New York was issuing blank injunctions to the most notorious stock-gamblers. The money market was in a state of constant spasms. Day after day, for weeks and months together, borrowers were paying one-eighth to one-quarter per cent. commission *per diem*, besides interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum for loans. This could not last. The fruit had got to "that stage which succeeds ripeness," and fell. The failure of Jay Cooke and Co., on 19th September, 1873, followed by a string of houses who had been occupied in financing the new railroads, was the point of apparent origin of the panic, but, as I have endeavored briefly to point out, the whole catastrophe was in reality a slowly-prepared growth of the entire character of the business of the country. Following these finance-houses, railways, mercantile firms, and savings-banks became bankrupt in rapid succession, and to such an extent that credit may be said to have ceased to exist. During 1873 the price of gold ranged from 119 to 107. The currency price of commodities which had followed the upward movement in the gold premium, had not kept pace with its decline. By the end of the year hundreds of thousands of workmen had been thrown out of employment by the breaking of that small wheel of credit which keeps all the big

wheels of production and transportation turning. This of course affected the demand for every article of consumption, and the distributing merchants throughout the country felt the pinch, not only of this smaller actual demand, but also found that their stocks of goods laid in at the high currency prices were constantly shrinking in currency value owing to the appreciation of greenbacks. Shrinkage was universal. To add to the depression the harvests of cereals in 1870-1 and 1871-2 had been below an average, and the farmers felt the growing burden of their loans.

The figures representing the external trade of the country from 1863 to 1873 are instructive. The net imports of merchandise (that is, the total imports, less imported goods afterwards exported to foreign countries) amounted to \$90,000,000.; the exports of domestic merchandise in same period were \$65,000,000.; so that in these ten years the imports of merchandise exceeded the exports (exclusive of specie) by the enormous total of \$25,000,000. During the same period the exports of coin and bullion (all the gold in the country having been driven out of circulation by the paper issues) exceeded the imports by \$135,000,000., thus leaving a balance of \$90,000,000. imports in excess of exports of merchandise and specie combined. But, as we have seen during this very time, there was an ever-growing interest account to be remitted to Europe for the 300,000,000. or 400,000,000. raised on loans, so that American exports ought to have exceeded imports by at least 30,000,000. annually. Instead of this there was 90,000,000. the other way in ten years. This fact led Professor Cairnes, in 1873, to the conclusion that the condition of the external trade of the United States was essentially abnormal and temporary: "If that country," said he, "is to continue to discharge her liabilities to foreigners, the relations which at present exist between exports and imports must be inverted. Her exports must once again, as previous to 1860, be made to exceed her imports, and this by an amount greater than the excess of that former period in proportion as her financial obligations to foreign countries have in the interval increased. This it seems to me is a result which may be predicted with the utmost confidence. The end may be reached either by an extension of exportation or by a curtailment of importation, or by combining both those processes; but by one means or other reached it will need to be. It is simply the condition of her remaining a solvent nation."

The news of the commercial crisis in New York reached Professor Cairnes as he was writing these words, so soon to be completely and emphatically confirmed by the subsequent facts.

Up to the very eve of the crash in America this gigantic excess of imports was being triumphantly pointed to as showing the wonderful spending power of the country. It was not heeded that it was capital being expended as if it were income. The old fallacies in regard to the balance of trade are no doubt exploded; but we may be in danger of an equally misleading fallacy in believing that the fact of a country's imports exceeding its exports is to be taken as a sign of prosperity. No such general statement can in truth be made; and if made, it can only be accepted with the strictest limitations. The phenomena cannot be isolated in this way. The relation of the exports and imports must be considered in connection with the profitableness or otherwise of the general trade of the country. We have seen that in America the excess of imports was the prelude of the greatest adversity.

The years 1874 to 1877 will long be remembered as a period of unparalleled suffering amongst all the dwellers of the United States. The great trunk railroads went to war with one another owing to the excessive competition for a limited amount of business which they had all been spending vast sums of money to control. Rates were cut down to a point at which a great deal of the through business was done at an absolute loss. Transportation was reduced to an absurdity (to the transporters), when one hundred pounds of wheat was carried by the lakes and canals from Chicago to New York — fifteen hundred miles — for sixpence! Many of the railroads too had undertaken the business of collieries: one of them in its report some years ago mentioned the borrowing of 2,400,000. to secure sufficient coal lands to give the road employment in transportation for centuries, and after that borrowed 12,000,000. more in England to develop these lands, on the anticipation, no doubt, that America was going to construct 10,000 miles of new railroad every year to eternity. Instead of this, the construction of new railroad has scarcely been two thousand miles a year since 1873. The consequences to the coal and iron industries may be imagined. All the dependent industries of course became affected, and there were never so many unemployed laborers at any one time in the United States. They swarmed over the country — a medæce to society.

The lowest point of general depression was about coincident with the lowest price of railroad stocks, namely in the first half of 1877, and some idea may be formed of the depreciation in this class of property between 1873 and April, 1877, when it is mentioned that such stocks as Central of New Jersey had fallen from 120 to 6; Illinois Central from 116 to 40; Chicago and North Western (ordinary) from 80 to 16; Michigan Central from 110 to 34. The cause was not far to seek. The number of inhabitants to a mile of railroad was 925 in 1867, and only 577 in 1876. It was a question of the survival of the fittest lines. The weak ones had to go into liquidation. The extent to which their construction had been carried in advance of their profitable employment may be judged from the fact that the 633,000,000*l.* invested in United States railway property before 1872 brought in just the same net earnings as the 913,000,000*l.* invested in 1877!

To save expenses the wages of the employes had been greatly reduced, and the bad times came to a climax with the widespread railroad strikes in Pennsylvania in August, 1877. And for a short time these strikes looked most threatening to the cause of law and order throughout the States. The destruction of life and property was very considerable, but the difficulty was more easily overcome than was at one time expected. For it is true, as has been so often observed and, it must never be forgotten in attempting to judge American issues, that the mass of real American people is pre-eminently law-abiding and law-enforcing.

With decreasing profits of industry in every branch of trade, and the immensely increased taxation,* there was really only one course possible to recover national prosperity. That course was national economy. And it was pursued. There is an old saying that "when America takes to wearing her old shoes she can lay the world under contribution." This is what has happened. There is probably no other nation that has the same capacity for suddenly restricting a profuse expenditure. New York, so lately riotous, became a pattern of quiet living. People talked poor and lived poor. It became a fashion. It was like the case we sometimes see of a

wildly extravagant bachelor suddenly settling down to the cares of married life with a thoughtful prudence astonishing to his most intimate friends.

The value of fancy goods, silk goods, jewellery, and precious stones, imported in 1877, was 5,000,000*l.* less than in 1873; the consumption of coffee in same period fell off two and one-half pounds, and of tea one pound per head of population. These are fair samples of what was going on throughout the country in diminished consumption of articles of luxury. But this forced economy told both ways for some time on the general condition of trade. It was a negative more than a positive advantage.

But there was also a positive and much more potent cause of prosperity actively at work, though not so visibly. The crops of cereals from 1872-3 onwards, proved abundant and ever-increasing (with the exception of the Indian-corn crop, 1874-5, and a partial failure of the wheat crop in some of the north-western states in 1876); and in 1877, concurrently with the largest production up to that time, the threatening position of political matters in the east of Europe, and the falling off of supplies of grain from Russia, gave the American farmers a great chance, of which they were not slow to avail themselves. Emigration from the Atlantic and Middle States to the West took a fresh start, which is well described in the following extract from the *New York Commercial and Financial Chronicle* of 18th May, 1878:—

Since the beginning of 1878 there is heard the ceaseless tread of a vast army of emigrants on their march for the far West. Railroad and United States Land Department officers are everywhere besieged by applicants for lands. The *St. Paul Press* gives the following summary of the government and railroad land sales in that state for the three months ending April 1st:—

Northern Pacific	119,300
St. Paul and Pacific (main line).	44,356
St. Paul and Pacific (branch line)	76,000
St Paul and Sioux City	56,000
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The Western Minnesota land offices	295,656
The Fargo land office (estimated)	497,215
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Total	1,267,871

The above, it says, does not include the sales of large tracts to colonies, etc.; for the last seven months, the total number of acres disposed of in Minnesota and northern Dakota has been about 2,550,000 acres. We may obtain an indication of the movement in prog⁴

* Governor Tilden in his message to the New York State Legislature in January, 1876, mentioned that in 1870 the taxes—Federal, State, and local—of the whole country, amounted to 146,000,000*l.* against 31,000,000*l.* in 1860, or reducing the figures to a *per capita* comparison the taxes were 3*l.* 16*s.* per head in 1870, against 1*l.* per head in 1860.—MARTIN'S *Statesman's Year-Book*.

ress elsewhere from the railroad reports published monthly, the following being some of the latest, showing the land sales for the four months ending May 1st this year and last year:—

	1878.	1877.
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe . .	\$416,853	\$79,436
Union Pacific . .	547,781	36,141
Missouri, Kansas, and Texas . .	87,032	
Burlington and Missouri River in Nebraska . .	971,217	55,417
Total for these roads	\$2,022,884	\$170,994

These facts as to the increase in the demand for and the rise in the value of farming lands throughout the West in connection with the present active inquiry for and purchase of railroad and public lands, are evidences of the fresh start which has been made in that section, and the promise of an increased production which must be the result of this large extension of the area cultivated and new labor employed. After such a period of prostration as we have passed through, this is the natural process of recovery: large crops permitting and inviting increased acreage and putting idle hands to work.

But this new life, which is thus being developed from our own soil and drawn from foreign markets, is giving other evidences of its presence. Much has been written within the past two years of the extreme hopefulness of the situation, owing to these very causes. The sentiment, however, has been repeated so often without any improvement in business following, that we have, as a people, finally lost all faith in these promises of recovery. Still the truth is unchanged and has been quietly and slowly working, and is now beginning to prove itself by outward signs. In addition to what we have said above we have further evidence in the business of our railroads. We published the earnings for four months last week of twenty-five roads, showing a net increase of \$2,404,823. This, we think, may be taken as a fair indication of the general condition of railroad property at the present moment, resulting from increase of freight in part, but also to a considerable extent of the passenger business. Thus, then, we have for those months a ten-per-cent. addition to the gross earnings of railroads. And what does that promise? It promises dividends to stockholders and interests on bonds which have heretofore furnished no income to their possessors; and that, again, means an increase of purchasing power among the people; and that finally ends in an enlarged demand for commodities and for manufactured goods of every description. We do not say, and certainly do not expect, that this is all to be experienced in a day, or that every industry is to be at once revived, because railroads are earning more. We take the railroad system

and other matters referred to simply as a reflex of the improved condition of the farming sections; we refer to the large earnings, exports and crops, the increased inquiry for land, and the additional acreage which is going under cultivation, with the new demand for labor thus made necessary in every department of the trades affected, as the sure signs of improvement already apparent, and an earnest which every one must recognize of further and more rapid progress in the future.

And here we may take notice of the fact that although the making of all these new railroads had been, generally speaking, a most unpleasant experience to the capitalists, both native and foreign, it brought an immense area of country within the reach of markets, so that there was the very great compensation of one set of people in the country gaining what another set in *and out of* the country lost. It was not like the case of England lending hundreds of millions sterling to defaulting foreign governments, where the loss was absolute, like so many sovereigns cast into the sea, never to be recovered again. America had this advantage in being a debtor country, that other nations contributed to her losses, whilst she alone reaped all the benefits of the resulting low prices. The railroads exist, and must be a gain to the country for all time. The very low rates of transportation, which looked so disastrous from the stockholders' point of view, permitted vast masses of breadstuffs and provisions to be made available for consumption, that otherwise would have been wasted. Mr. Poor, the American railroad statistician, estimates the saving in movement of two hundred million tons of freight, by the improved facilities made in the railroad system, during the last twenty years, at 200,000,000*l. per annum*; and the director of the Bureau of Statistics has lately stated that the total traffic on four railroads—the New York Central, the Lake Shore, the Pennsylvania, and the Fort Wayne—is, in his belief, considerably greater in value than the entire foreign commerce of the United States, imports and exports combined.

Here, then, were the elements of the most certain prosperity. The largest production ever known, the lowest carrying rates ever known, and, owing to circumstances in the east of Europe, exceptionally good prices for grain and provisions. This year's production has again been greater than anything known before, and a very few figures will illustrate the marvellous growth in three of the great staples.

Production.	1860.	Average of Five Years.	
		1870-75.	1878.
Wheat	Qrs. 22,000,000	33,000,000	50,000,000
Indian Corn	" 104,000,000	120,000,000	162,000,000
Cotton	Bales 4,800,000	3,500,000	5,200,000

And, as a consequence of this increase in the production of Indian corn, the number of hogs packed in the West now exceeds an annual average of five million taking the past five years, compared with twenty-two hundred thousand, the annual average for the five years 1857-61.

The temptation to the prophetic soul to project imagination into the future, and conjure up a vision of ten years hence, is almost irresistible. The proportion sum looks so easy. If forty-five million men produce fifty million quarters wheat, one hundred and sixty million quarters corn, five and a quarter million bales of cotton, in 1878, what will fifty-five million of the same men produce in 1888?

The export of meat is still in its infancy. The state of Texas alone is capable of producing sufficient for all the consumption of Great Britain, and hundreds of emigrants are pouring in to that great state every day. The difficulties of carriage are almost certain to be surmounted by science. I have mentioned the production of only three great staples of export; but the money value of the hay crop in the United States is really greater than that of the cotton crop. There are almost as many quarters of oats produced as of wheat; there is rye, and petroleum, and fruits in an abundance we can scarcely realize. Surely it is a land teeming with corn, and wine, and oil, and cotton; with every kind of animal, vegetable, and mineral wealth, and anything may be predicted of it. "Among all forms of mistake," says George Eliot, "prophecy is the most gratuitous." "Man must always carry a threatening shadow under the full sunshine." And there are, and are always likely to be, plenty of shadows hanging over the human element in America. The wide-spread political corruption,* though probably not so deep-seated as in Russia to-day, or more noxious than in England one hundred and fifty years ago, is a malignant disease that may easily have a fatal termination unless it is arrested in time. Its causes are multitudinous enough and subtle enough, I imagine, to elude the observation of those quick-witted, but perhaps not always deep-witted, critics who wish to found thereon a

destructive charge against the republican form of government. The charge, as we see, may be equally well levelled against an autocracy or against a monarchy with such very limited popular representation as existed in Walpole's time. And evidences are not wanting of great improvement in the United States compared with the state of things existing five or six years ago. But the reform must be determined, and a new departure must be taken, before the greatest things can be predicted of the future. In recording achievements we are on safer ground. "Things won are done." The prosaic fact remains that the exports from America for the year ending 30th June last, amounted to 145,000,000*l.*, or more than double the amount of any year before the war, while the *increase* in exports of grain alone amounted to 22,000,000*l.*, and of provisions to 19,000,000*l.*, compared with 1868.

Our exports from Great Britain have increased at times with marvellous rapidity, but I do not think that we ever accomplished the feat of doubling them in so short a period as sixteen years. In America's case it has no doubt partly been a consequence of excessive borrowing; but looking to the fact that four of those years were occupied with an internecine civil war, and the liberation of four or five million slaves, on whose labor the production of cotton — the most valuable article of export — mainly depended, it is an astonishing result. If Professor Cairnes had lived, he would have seen during the last three years the exports from America exceeding the imports by 100,000,000*l.* The effect on the exchanges has been to enable the country to keep all its own production of gold, and the government ought on this 1st January to have an ample coin reserve for the resumption of specie payments. Another effect has been that a large mass of securities has been taken back, so that President Hayes was recently able to say, "A few years ago the government bonds were largely held in foreign countries. It is estimated that in 1871 from one hundred and sixty to two hundred million pounds were held abroad, and there was then paid from ten to twelve million pounds annually to Europe for interest alone. Now it is estimated that five-sixths of them are held in the United States, and only one-sixth abroad. Instead of paying to foreigners 10,000,000*l.* we now pay them only about 2,400,000*l.*, or 3,000,000*l.* a year, and the interest on our debt is mainly paid to our own citizens." The principal of the debt has been

* See an interesting article by Hon. John Jay on "Civil Service Reform," October-November number of *North American Review*.

reduced by 160,000,000*l.*, and the annual interest by about 10,000,000*l.* a year, owing to the reduction of capital and refunding at reduced rates of interest.

It is probable that the accumulation of capital will now proceed at an unprecedented rate in America. The savings-banks' returns are very remarkable. In the New England States alone, out of a population of 3,500,000 persons, there were, in 1876, 1,223,000 deposit accounts open, with 64,000,000*l.* deposited. It is true that these institutions are used by others than the poorer classes. A capitalist, by putting \$1,000 in each of half-a-dozen names, may have \$6,000 in one bank for the sake of the five or six per cent. interest paid. But making allowance for this, the statement is still marvellous, for the great mass of the savings really belongs to the workers, not to the capitalists as a class.

Three things are necessary to material progress and prosperity in such a country as America—and we may frankly include a country nearer home—capital, labor, and thrift. The experience of the past five years has taught men there to labor more and spend less on luxuries. The gambling element has been very much weeded out of business. The characteristic attributes of the real American masses are thrift and "invention ever new." I use "thrift" in the sense that they are not wastrels. They live more comfortably and generously than any other people in the world, but they spend nothing like the amount in drink that the English people spend. Their general extravagance under the influence of the war fever and irredeemable paper, was, I am inclined to think and hope, a parasitic growth that has been lopped off. It is a country where no man is, from the necessity of his position, hopelessly cut off from his chance of the best. It is emphatically a land of "equality of conditions." Behind all is the wide West, with any quantity of excellent unimproved land still to be bought at three and a half dollars (15*s.*) per acre. This suits all pockets. The man with capital can do well by breaking the lands up and renting them; the laborer, with any energy and work in him, can soon lease a farm of one hundred and sixty acres for himself, and finally own it.

In these Western States there seems an issue for the agricultural labor difficulties of other countries. A bright future can scarcely be hoped for farmers or laborers, either on the continent of Europe, so long as the great standing armies are main-

tained, or in England whilst our very limited quantity of land is kept at an altogether artificial price by the action of laws which induce the plutocracy to invest in it, regardless of return of interest, for the sake of social importance and enjoyment of sport, and where none of the workers on the soil—farmers or laborers—can look forward to its ownership. The extraordinary productiveness and facilities for communication with markets give the agriculturists far better chances in America than anywhere else. Throughout all the recent hard times, no man able and willing to work on a farm has ever been badly off. There has always been a demand for such laborers in excess of the supply, and at no diminution of wages—looking at wages in the only true sense of their purchasing power.

Of course they will have their difficulties in the United States in the future as they have had them in the past. We shall no doubt very soon be hearing the cry from the West of over-production of food—a bearable evil; for transportation charges are now higher than they were (1*s.* per one hundred pounds for grain from Chicago!), and the hard times here will abate the demand, and cause a decline in prices; and Great Britain takes nearly two-thirds of the total American exports, so that she is a large factor in all calculations of future prosperity. With dissatisfaction in the West and South there will be a much louder demand for free trade, and if I were to depart from the golden rule of not prophesying, it would be to hazard a guess that the next great agitation will be for free trade; and the next great difficulty will be the silver question.

And America's action on these two questions will have a bearing, difficult to exaggerate in the potency of its effect on our future here in England. Under the existing protective tariff the import of railroad bars, for instance, amounted to only 100*l.* this year, against 4,000,000*l.* in 1873: this may be accounted for, however, to some extent by the growing use of steel. In 1872 the production in the United States of Bessemer steel rails was ninety-four thousand tons. In 1877 it had increased to four hundred and thirty-two thousand tons. The import of cotton manufactures was 3,000,000*l.* against 6,000,000*l.* in the same period. On the other hand, the exports from America of iron, steel, and the manufactures of these metals, was 1,100,000*l.* greater this year than in 1868: the exports of cotton manufactures have more than doubled during the past five

years, and the United States now consume 22·6 per cent. of the world's total production of cotton, instead of 19·1 per cent. before the war. But considering all the outcry that has recently been made about the export of American manufactures, I confess I am surprised to find that this year they only amount after all to five per cent. of the total exports of merchandise — 7,000,000*l.* out of 145,000,000*l.* Without entering the tempting field of controversy between free trade and protection, it may be surmised that the protectionists in America will shortly be drawing a striking parallel between their own regained prosperity (if it lasts!) and the existing state of things in Great Britain under free trade, than which nothing could well be more deplorable. But these selected parallels are not very useful. Inconvenient facts so often come immediately to refute all the conclusions arrived at. There can be little doubt that if the consumers choose to pay more for inferior goods of native manufacture, America is capable of producing almost all that her inhabitants require. And this is especially true of iron and cotton goods. How long will the West and South consent to this? In the existing conditions of the world a bad state of trade in one great country immediately affects all other countries, and if things go from bad to worse here, the continuity of improvement in America may be very rudely interrupted. It is very certain that if we are kept out of markets for our manufactures, we cannot spend the same amount of money on raw products. For the last five years we have had not only the old protective, or prohibitive, duties against us, but also that economy in consumption which we have seen to follow the pricking of the financial balloon. It may, I think, be safely predicted that America will not go on forever wearing her old shoes. There is still almost infinite capacity for railroad extension; and new roads, built with decent honesty, at the present excessively low prices of iron, steel, and materials generally, are almost certain to pay very handsomely in time. Capital is yet timid — naturally, poor thing, after recent experiences! — but the go-ahead nature is certain to prevail in the end. And just as America's bad time started the ball for the rest of the world, so, now that she has been through the unpleasant process of liquidation, it is likely that her good time will again start the ball in the opposite direction. We have probably a good deal of liquidation to get through in England before we are purged

of our troubles; but if the American tariff be speedily altered, we may, perhaps, be found with our loins girt, and in a better frame of mind for solid work and real business than we have been in for years. We, too, have had our period of demoralization. After the Foreign Loans Committee and the City of Glasgow Bank, we shall never more be able to throw stones at our commercial neighbors, but we may do something much more useful. We may make our work more perfect. There is an ancient proverb (Russian, I believe) — "If every man would only keep his own doorstep swept, how clean the town would be!" Instead of those on the "upper plane" always falling foul of the working-men's shortcomings, let them — the business men among them especially — consider a little what example they set. Let them consider that almost all the worst kinds of shame have their roots in extravagance, whether of employer or of workman — of man or of woman. There is something too much of this in the latest developments of our commercial life. But this may be a passing phase. We may reform it altogether. One thing is certain, namely, that all gain of *real* wealth in America *must* be of advantage to England, and it will surely be the first sign of impending decadence if the business men of this country, instead of putting their shoulders to the wheel to carry their chariot over all obstructions, content themselves with cherishing a vindictive feeling to rivals —

Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused themselves to rise.

But I have left myself no space for the silver question. Indeed I should not have made so bold as to refer to it, but that one point may be worth keeping in mind in regard to America. If it be admitted that the demonetization of silver in Europe has essentially been an immense measure of contraction of the former circulating medium, with the consequent great inconvenience of a general fall in prices, as measured in gold (the result of which may, perhaps, go a long way to account for the existing wretched state of trade throughout the world), it is open to question whether, after all, Europe may not have eventually to seek an understanding with America to endeavor to fix a relation between the value of gold and silver coins all the world over. This might help to lift us out of a great difficulty in India.

Therefore let us not judge too hastily in this matter. The last word has not been said yet about silver, the Paris Conference notwithstanding.

Nov. 1878.

JOHN W. CROSS.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE,"
ETC.

CHAPTER X.

NEEDFUL ODDS AND ENDS.

It will be plain from what I have told, that Donal's imagination was full of Ginevra, and his was not an economy whose imagination could enjoy itself without calling the heart to share. At the same time, his being in love, if already I may use concerning him that most general and most indefinite of phrases, so far from obstructing his study, was in reality an aid to his thinking and a spur to excellence—not excellence over others, but over himself. There were moments, doubtless, long moments too, in which he forgot Homer and Cicero and differential calculus and chemistry, for "the bonnie lady-lassie,"—that was what he called her to himself; but it was only, on emerging from the reverie, to attack his work with fresh vigor. She was so young, so plainly girlish, that as yet there was no room for dread or jealousy; the feeling in his heart was a kind of gentle angel-worship; and he would have turned from the idea of marrying her, if indeed it had ever presented itself, as an irreverent thought, which he dared not for a moment be guilty of entertaining. It was, besides, an idea too absurd to be indulged in by one who, in his wildest imaginations, always, through every Protean embodiment, sought and loved and clung to the real. His chief thought was simply to find favor in the eyes of the girl. His ideas hovered about her image, but it was continually to burn themselves in incense to her sweet ladyhood. As often as a song came fluttering its wings at his casement, the next thought was Ginevra—and there would be something to give her! I wonder how many loves of the poets have received their offerings in correspondent fervor. I doubt if Ginevra, though she read them with marvel, was capable of appreciating the worth of Donal's. She was hardly yet woman enough to do them justice; for the heart of a girl, in its very sweetness and vagueness, is ready to ad-

mire alike the good and the indifferent, if their outer qualities be similar. It would cause collapse in many a swelling of poet's heart if, while he heard lovely lips commending his verses, a voice were to whisper in his ear what certain other verses the lady commended also.

On Saturday evenings, after Gibbie left him, Donal kept his own private holiday, which consisted in making verses, or rather in setting himself in the position for doing so, when sometimes verses would be the result, sometimes not. When the moon was shining in at the windows of the large room adjoining, he would put out his lamp, open his door, and look from the little chamber, glowing with firelight, into the strange, eerie, silent waste, crowded with the chaos of dis-created homes. There scores on scores of things, many of them *unco*, that is *uncouth*, the first meaning of which is *unknown*, to his eyes, stood huddled together in the dim light. The light looked weary and faint, as if with having forced its way through the dust of years on the windows; and Donal felt as if gazing from a clear conscious present out into a faded dream. Sometimes he would leave his nest, and walk up and down among spider-legged tables, tall cabinets, secret-looking bureaus, worked chairs—yielding himself to his fancies. He was one who needed no opium or such-like demon-help, to set him dreaming; he could dream at his will—only his dreams were brief and of rapid change—probably not more so, after the clock, than those other, artificial ones, in which, to speculate on the testimony, the feeling of their length appears to be produced by an infinite and continuous sub-division of the subjective time. Now he was a ghost, come back to flit, hovering and gliding, about sad old scenes, that had gathered a new and a worse sadness from the drying up of the sorrow which was the heart of them—his doom, to live thus over again the life he had made so little of in the body; his punishment, to haunt the world and pace its streets, unable to influence by the turn of a hair the goings on of its life,—so to learn what a useless being he had been, and repent of his self-embraced insignificance. Now he was a prisoner, pining and longing for life and air and human companionship; that was the sun outside, whose rays shone thus feebly into his dungeon by repeated reflections. Now he was a prince in disguise, meditating how to appear again and defeat the machinations of his foes, especially of the enchanter who made him seem to the eyes of his subjects that which he was not.

But ever his thoughts would turn again to Ginevra, and ever the poems he devised were devised as in her presence, and for her hearing. Sometimes a dread would seize him—as if the strange things were all looking at him, and something was about to happen; then he would stride hastily back to his own room, close the door hurriedly, and sit down by the fire. Once or twice he was startled by the soft entrance of his landlady's granddaughter, come to search for something in one of the cabinets they had made a repository for small odds and ends of things. Once he told Gibbie that something *had* looked at him, but he could not tell what or whence or how, and laughed at himself, but persisted in his statement.

He had not yet begun to read his New Testament in the way Gibbie did, but he thought in the direction of light and freedom, and looked towards some goal dimly seen in vague grandeur of betterness. His condition was rather that of eyeless hunger after growth, than of any conscious aspiration towards less undefined good. He had a large and increasing delight in all forms of the generous, and shrunk instinctively from the base, but had not yet concentrated his efforts towards becoming that which he acknowledged the best, so that he was hardly yet on the straight path to the goal of such oneness with good as alone is a man's peace. I mention these things not with the intent of here developing the character of Donal, but with the desire that my readers should know him such as he then was.

Gibbie and he seldom talked about Ginevra. She was generally *understood* between them—only referred to upon needful occasion: they had no right to talk about her, any more than to intrude on her presence unseasonably.

Donal went to Mr. Sclater's church because Mr. Sclater required it, in virtue of the position he assumed as his benefactor. Mr. Sclater in the pulpit was a trial to Donal, but it consoled him to be near Gibbie, also that he had found a seat in the opposite gallery, whence he could see Ginevra when her place happened to be not far from the door of one of the school-pews. He did not get much benefit from Mr. Sclater's sermons: I confess he did not attend very closely to his preaching—often directed against doctrinal errors of which, except from himself, not one of his congregation had ever heard, or was likely ever to hear. But I cannot say he would have been better employed in listening, for there was generally something going on in

his mind that had to go on, and make way for more. I have said *generally*, for I must except the times when his thoughts turned upon the preacher himself, and took forms such as the following. But it might be a lesson to some preachers to know that a decent lad like Donal may be making some such verses about one of them while he is preaching. I have known not a few humble men in the pulpit of whom rather than write such a thing Donal would have lost the writing hand.

'Twas a sair sair day 'twas my hap till
Come under yer soon', Mr. Sclater;
But things maun be putten a stap till,
An' sae maun ye, seener or later!

For to hear ye rowtin' an' scornin',
Is no to hark to the river;
An' to sit here till brak trowth's mornin',
Wad be to be lost forever.

I confess I have taken a liberty, and changed one word for another in the last line. He did not show these verses to Gibbie; or indeed ever find much fault with the preacher in his hearing; for he knew that while he was himself more open-minded to the nonsense of the professional gentleman, Gibbie was more open hearted towards the merits of the man, with whom he was far too closely associated on week-days not to feel affection for him; while, on the other hand, Gibbie made neither head nor tail of his sermons, not having been instructed in the theological mess that goes with so many for a theriac of the very essentials of religion; and therefore, for anything he knew, they might be very wise and good. At first he took refuge from the sermon in his New Testament; but when, for the third time, the beautiful hand of the ministerial spouse appeared between him and the book, and gently withdrew it, he saw that his reading was an offence in her eyes, and contented himself thereafter with thinking: listening to the absolutely unintelligible he found impossible. What a delight it would have been to the boy to hear Christ preached such as he showed himself, such as in no small measure he had learned him—in- stead of such as Mr. Sclater saw him reflected from the tenth or twentieth distorting mirror! They who speak against the Son of Man oppose mere distortions and mistakes of him, having never beheld, neither being now capable of beholding him; but those who have transmitted to them these false impressions, those namely, who preach him without being themselves devoted to him, and those who preach him having derived their notions of him from

other sources than himself, have to bear the blame that they have such excuses for not seeking to know him. He submits to be mis-preached, as he submitted to be lied against while visibly walking the world, but his truth will appear at length to all: until then, until he is known as he is, our salvation tarrieth.

Mrs. Sclater showed herself, after her kind, sincere, to Donal as well as to Gibbie. She had by no means ceased to grow, and already was slowly bettering under the influences of the New Testament in Gibbie, notwithstanding she had removed the letter of it from her public table. She told Gibbie that he must talk to Donal about his dress and his speech. That he was a lad of no common gifts was plain, she said, but were he ever so "talented" he could do little in the world, certainly would never raise himself, so long as he dressed and spoke ridiculously. The wisest and best of men would be utterly disregarded, she said, if he did not look and speak like other people. Gibbie thought with himself this could hardly hold, for there was John the Baptist; he answered her, however, that Donal could speak very good English if he chose, but that the affected tone and would-be-fine pronunciation of Fergus Duff had given him the notion that to speak anything but his mother-tongue would be unmanly and false. As to his dress, Donal was poor, Gibbie said, and could not give up wearing any clothes so long as there was any wear in them. "If you had seen me once!" he added, with a merry laugh to finish for his fingers.

Mrs. Sclater spoke to her husband, who said to Gibbie that, if he chose to provide Donal with suitable garments, he would advance him the money:—that was the way he took credit for every little sum he handed his ward, but in his accounts was correct to a farthing.

Gibbie would thereupon have dragged Donal at once to the tailor; but Donal was obstinate.

"Na, na," he said; "the claes is guid eneuch for him 'at weirs them. Ye dee eneuch for me, Sir Gilbert, a'ready; an' though I wad be obleeged to you as I wad to my mither hersel, to cleed me gien I warna dacent, I winna tak your siller nor naeboddy ither's to gang fine. Na, na; I'll weir the claes oot, an' we s' dee better wi' the neist. An' for that bonnie wuman, Mistress Sclatter, ye can tell her, 'at by the time I hae onything to say to the warl', it winna be my claes 'at'll haud fowk ohn bearkent; an' gien she considers them 'at

I hae noo, ower sair a disgrace till her gran' rooms, she maun jist no inveet me, an' I'll no come; for I canna presently help them. But the neist session, whan I hae better, for I'm sure to get wark eneuch in 'atween, I'll come an' shaw mysel', an' syne she can dee as she likes."

This high tone of liberty, so free from offence either given or taken, was thoroughly appreciated by both Mr. and Mrs. Sclater, and they did not cease to invite him. A little talk with the latter soon convinced him that there was neither assumption nor lack of patriotism in speaking the language of the people among whom he found himself; and as he made her his *model* in the pursuit of the accomplishment, he very soon spoke a good deal better English than Mr. Sclater. But with Gibbie, and even with the dainty Ginevra, he could not yet bring himself to talk anything but his mother-tongue.

"I cannot mak my moo'," he would say, "to speyk onything but the nat'ral tongue o' poetry till sic a bonnie cratur as Miss Galbraith; an' for yersel', Gibbie—man! I wad be ill willin' to big a stane wa' atween me an' the bonnie days whan Angus MacPholp was the deil we did fear, an' Hornie the deil we didna. — Losh, man! what wad come o' me gien I hed to say my prayers in English! I doobt gien 't wad come oot prayin' at a'!"

I am well aware that most Scotch people of that date tried to say their prayers in English, but not so Janet or Robert, and not so had they taught their children. I fancy not a little unreality was thus in their case avoided.

"What will you do when you are a minister?" asked Gibbie on his fingers.

"Me a minnister!" echoed Donal. "Me a minnister!" he repeated. "Losh, man! gien I can save my ain sowl, it'll be a' 'at I'm fit for, ohn lo'dent it wi' a haill congregation o' ither fowk's. Na, na; gien I can be a schuilmaister, an' help the bairnies to be guid, as my mither taucht mysel', an' hae time to read, an' a feow shillin's to buy buiks aboot Aigrypt an' the Holy Lan', an' a full an' complete edition o' Plato, an' a Greek Lexicon—a guid ane, an' a Jamieson's Dictionar', haith, I'll be a hawpy man! An' gien I dinna like the schuilmaisterin', I can jist tak to the wark again, whilk I cudna dee sae weel gien I had tried the preachin'; fowk wad ca' me a stickit minister! Or maybe they'll gie me the sheep to luik efter upo' Glashgar, whan they're ower muckle for my father, an' that wad weel content me. Only I wad hae to bigg a bit mair to the

hoosie, to haud my buiks: I maun hae buiks. I wad get the newspapers whiles, but no aften, for they're a sair loss o' precious time. Ye see they tell ye things afore they're sure, an' ye hae to spen' yer time the day readin' what ye'll hae to spen' yer time the morn readin' oot again; an' ye may as weel bide till the thing's sattled a wee. I wad jist lat them fecht things oot 'at thought they saw hoo they oucht to gang; an' I wad gie them guid mutton to haud them up to their dreary wark, an' maybe a sangy noo an' than 'at wad help them to drap it a'thegither."

"But wouldn't you like to have a wife, Donal, and children, like your father and mother?" spelt Gibbie.

"Na, na; nae wife for me, Gibbie!" answered the philosopher. "Wha wad hae aither a puir schuilmaister or a shepherd? — 'cep' it was maybe some lass like my sister Nicie, 'at wadna ken Euclid frae her hose, or Burns frae a mildam, or conic sections frae the hole i' the great peeramid."

"I don't like to hear you talk like that, Donal," said Gibbie. "What do you say to mother?"

"The mither's no to be said aboot," answered Donal. "She's ane by hersel', no ane like ither fowk. Ye wadna think waur o' the angel Gabriel 'at he hedna jist read Homer clean throu', wad ye?"

"If I did," answered Gibbie, "he would only tell me there was time enough for that."

When they met on a Friday evening, and it was fine, they would rove the streets, Gibbie taking Donal to the places he knew so well in his childhood, and enjoying it the more that he could now tell him so much better what he remembered. The only place he did not take him to was Jink Lane, with the house that had been Mistress Croale's. He did take him to the court in the Widdiehill, and show him the Auld Hoose o' Galbraith, and the place under the stair where his father had worked. The shed was now gone; the neighbors had by degrees carried it away for firewood. The house was occupied still as then by a number of poor people, and the door was never locked, day or night, any more than when Gibbie used to bring his father home. He took Donal to the garret where they had slept — one could hardly say lived, and where his father died. The door stood open, and the place was just as they had left it. A year or two after, Gibbie learned how it came to be thus untenanted: it was said to be haunted. Every Sunday Sir George was

heard at work, making boots for his wee Gibbie from morning to night; after which, when it was dark, came dreadful sounds of supplication, as of a soul praying in hell-fire. For a while the house was almost deserted in consequence.

"Gien I was you, Sir Gilbert," said Donal, who now and then remembered Mrs. Sclater's request — they had come down, and looking at the outside of the house, had espied a half obliterated stone-carving of the Galbraith arms — "Gien I was you, Sir Gilbert, I wad gar Maister Sclatter keep a sherp luik oot for the first chance o' buyin' back this hoose. It wad be a great peety it sud gang to waur afore ye get it. Eh! sic tales as this hoose cud tell!"

"How am I to do that, Donal? Mr. Sclater would not mind me. The money's not mine yet, you know," said Gibbie.

"The siller is yours, Gibbie," answered Donal; "it's yours as the kingdom o' haven's yours; it's only 'at ye canna jist lay yer han's upo' 't yet. The seener ye lat that Maister Sclatter ken 'at ye ken what ye're aboot, the better. An' believe me, whan he comes to understan' 'at ye want that hoose koft, he'll no be a day ohn gane to somebody or anither aboot it."

Donal was right, for within a month the house was bought, and certain necessary repairs commenced.

Sometimes on those evenings they took tea with Mistress Croale, and it was a proud time with her when they went. That night at least the whisky bottle did not make its appearance.

Mrs. Sclater continued to invite young ladies to the house for Gibbie's sake, and when she gave a party, she took care there should be a proportion of young people in it; but Gibbie, although of course kind and polite to all, did not much enjoy these gatherings. It began to trouble him a little that he seemed to care less for his kind than before; but it was only a seeming, and the cause of it was this: he was now capable of perceiving facts in nature and character which prevented real contact, and must make advances towards it appear as offensive as they were useless. But he did not love the less that he had to content himself, until the kingdom should come nearer, with loving at a more conscious distance; by loving kindness and truth he continued doing all he could to bring the kingdom whose end is unity. Hence he had come to restrain his manner — nothing could have constrained his manners, which now from the conventional point of view were irreproachable; but if

he did not so often execute a wild dance, or stand upon one leg, the glow in his eyes had deepened, and his response to any advance was as ready and thorough, as frank and sweet as ever; his eagerness was replaced by a stillness from which his eyes took all coldness, and his smile was as the sun breaking out in a gray day of summer, and turning all from doves to peacocks. In this matter there was one thing worthy of note common to Donal and him, who had had the same divine teaching from Janet: their manners to all classes were the same; they showed the same respect to the poor, the same ease with the rich.

I must confess, however, that before the session was over, Donal found it required all his strength of mind to continue to go to Mrs. Sclater's little parties — from kindness she never asked him to her larger ones; and the more to his praise it was that he did not refuse one of her invitations. The cause was this: one bright Sunday morning in February, coming out of his room to go to church, and walking down the path through the furniture in a dreamy mood, he suddenly saw a person meeting him straight in the face. "Sic a queer-like chield!" he remarked inwardly, stepped on one side to let him pass — and perceived it was himself reflected from head to foot in a large mirror, which had been placed while he was out the night before. The courage with which he persisted, after such a painful enlightenment, in going into company in those same garments, was right admirable and enviable; but no one knew of it until its exercise was long over.

The little pocket-money Mr. Sclater allowed Gibbie, was chiefly spent at the shop of a certain secondhand bookseller, nearly opposite Mistress Murkison's. The books they bought were carried to Donal's room, there to be considered by Gibbie Donal's, and by Donal Gibbie's. Among the rest was a reprint of Marlow's *Faust*, the darling in the one grand passage of which both awed and delighted them; there were also some of the Ettrick Shepherd's eerie stories, alone in their kind; and above all there was a miniature copy of Shelley, whose verse did much for the music of Donal's, while yet he could not quite appreciate the truth for the iridescence of it: he said it seemed to him to have been all composed in a balloon. I have mentioned only works of imagination, but it must not be supposed they had not a relish for stronger food: the books more severe came afterwards, when they had liberty to

choose their own labors; now they had plenty of the harder work provided for them.

Somewhere about this time Fergus Duff received his license to preach, and set himself to acquire what his soul thirsted after — a reputation, namely, for eloquence. This was all the floodmark that remained of the waters of verse with which he had at one time so plentifully inundated his soul. He was the same as man he had been as youth — handsome, plausible, occupied with himself, determined to succeed, not determined to labor. Praise was the very necessity of his existence, but he had the instinct not to display his beggarly hunger — which reached even to the approbation of such to whom he held himself vastly superior. He seemed generous, and was niggardly, by turns; cultivated suavity; indulged in floridity both of manners and speech; and signed his name so as nobody could read it, though his handwriting was plain enough.

In the spring, summer, and autumn, Donal labored all day with his body, and in the evening as much as he could with his mind. Lover of Nature as he was, however, more alive indeed than before to the delights of the country, and the genial companionship of terrene sights and sounds, scents and motions, he could not help longing for the winter and the city, that his soul might be freer to follow its paths. And yet what a season some of the labors of the field afforded him for thought! To the student who cannot think without books, the easiest of such labors are a dull burden, or a distress; but for the man in whom the wells have been unsealed, in whom the waters are flowing, the labor mingles gently and genially with the thought, and the plough he holds with his hands lays open to the sun and the air more soils than one. Mr. Sclater without his books would speedily have sunk into the mere shrewd farmer; Donal, never opening a book, would have followed theories and made verses to the end of his days.

Every Saturday, as before, he went to see his father and mother. Janet kept fresh and lively, although age told on her, she said, more rapidly since Gibbie went away.

"But gien the Lord lat auld age wither me up," she said, "he'll luik efter the cracks himsel'."

Six weeks of every summer between Donal's sessions, while the minister and his wife took their holiday, Gibbie spent with Robert and Janet. It was a blessed

time for them all. He led then just the life of the former days, with Robert and Oscar and the sheep, and Janet and her cow and the New Testament—only he had a good many more things to think about now, and more ways of thinking about them. With his own hands he built a neat little porch to the cottage door, with close sides and a second door to keep the wind off: Donal and he carried up the timber and the mortar. But although he tried hard to make Janet say what he could do for her more, he could not bring her to reveal any desire that belonged to this world—except, indeed, two or three trifles for her husband's warmth and convenience.

"The sicht o' my Lord's face," she said once, when he was pressing her, "is a' 'at I want, Sir Gibbie. For this life it jist blecks me to think o' anything I wad hae or wad lowse. This boady o' mine's growin' some heavy-like, I maun confess, but I wadna hae't ta'en aff o' me afore the time. It wad be an ill thing for the seed to be shal't ower sune."

They almost always called him *Sir Gibbie*, and he never objected, or seemed either annoyed or amused at it; he took it just as the name that was his, the same way as his hair or his hands were his: he had been called wee Sir Gibbie for so long.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
ABOUT LOTTERIES.

In an essay which appeared a few years since in these pages, we considered among gambling superstitions some relating indirectly to such ventures as are made when tickets in lotteries are bought, a small certainty being exchanged for the small chance of a large profit. Whether it is that men are so well known to be inconsistent in such matters, that if any one points out the folly of gambling he may be regarded as almost certain to be a gambler himself, or whether the case is a merely casual coincidence, we do not know; but certain it is that during the five years which have elapsed since that essay appeared, the writer has received more invitations to purchase lottery-tickets and to take part in wildly speculative transactions than during any ten preceding years in his life. Not only so, but in some cases invitations have been addressed to him to purchase tickets from persons claiming to be exceptionally lucky in selecting numbers. We have no doubt many of our readers have received such invitations,

couched in terms implying that a very special favor was offered which must be quickly accepted lest it should be too late to gain the wealth thus generously proffered. But it struck the writer as being a singularly cool proceeding in his case, simply because much that he had written bore directly not only on the question whether such hopes as are held out in offers of the sort can possibly be well founded, but also on this other question, Can those who hold out such hopes be by any possibility honest men? Without definitely expressing any opinion on the second and more delicate of these questions, we propose to consider here a few matters connected with lotteries, noting some of the systems on which they have been formed. Probably the reader will not find it very difficult to determine what our answer would be to the question, if a categorical reply were required from us.

The simplest, and in many respects the best, form of lottery is that in which a number of articles are taken as prizes, their retail prices added together, and the total divided into some large number of parts, the same number of tickets being issued at the price thus indicated. Suppose, for instance, the prizes amount in value to 200*l.*, then a thousand tickets might be sold at 4*s.* each, or four thousand at 1*s.* each, or a larger number at a correspondingly reduced price. In such a case the lottery is strictly fair, supposing the prizes in good salable condition. The person who arranges the lottery gains neither more nor less than he would if he sold the articles separately. There may be a slight expense in arranging the lottery, but this is fully compensated by the quickness of the sale. The arrangement, we say, is fair; but we do not say it is desirable, or even that it should be permissible. Advantage is taken of the love of gambling, innate in most men, to make a quick sale of goods which otherwise might have lain long on hand. Encouragement is given to a tendency which is inherently objectionable if not absolutely vicious. And so far as the convenience is concerned of those who collectively buy (in fact) the prizes, it manifestly cannot be so well suited as though those only had bought who really wanted the articles, each taking the special article he required. Those who buy tickets want to get more than their money's worth. Some of them, if not all, are believers in their own good luck, and expect to get more than they pay for. They are willing to get in this way something which very likely they do not

want, something therefore which will be worth less to them in reality than the price for which it is justly enough valued in the list of prizes.

Unfortunately those who arrange lotteries of this sort for mere trade purposes (they are not now allowed in this country, but abroad they are common enough, and one is now in progress on a grand scale in France) are not careful to estimate the price of each article justly. They put a fancy price on good articles, a full price on damaged articles, and throw in an extra sum for no articles at all. Many of them are not at all particular, if the sale of tickets is quick, about throwing in a few hundred more tickets than they had originally provided for, without in the least considering it necessary to add correspondingly to the list of prizes.

But this is not all. How much those who arrange such lotteries really wrong the purchasers of tickets cannot be known. But we can learn how ready the ticket-buyers are to be wronged, when we note what they will allow. It seems absurd enough that they should let the manager of a lottery act entirely without check or control as to the number of tickets or the plan according to which these are drawn. But at least when a day is appointed for the drawing, and the prizes are publicly exhibited in the first instance, and as publicly distributed eventually, the ticket-buyers know that the lottery has been in some degree *bonâ fide*. What, however, can we think of those who will pay for the right of drawing a ticket from a "wheel of fortune," without having the least means of determining what is marked on any of the tickets, or whether a single ticket is marked for a prize worth more than the price paid for a chance, or even with as much? Yet nothing is more common where such wheels are allowed, and nothing was more common when they were allowed here, than for a shopman to offer for a definite sum, which frequenters of the shop would readily pay, the chance of drawing a prize-ticket out of a wheel of fortune, though he merely assured them, without a particle of proof, that some of the tickets would give them prizes worth many times the price they paid. Even when there were such tickets, again, and some one had secured a prize (though the chances were that the prize-drawer was connected with the business), people who had seen this would buy chances as though the removal of one good prize ticket had made no difference whatever in the value of a chance. They would actually be encouraged to buy

chances by the very circumstance which should have deterred them. For if a good prize is drawn in such a case, the chances are that no good prize is left.

Although lotteries of this sort are no longer allowed by law, yet are they still to some degree countenanced in connection with charity and the fine arts. Now, setting aside lotteries connected with the fine arts as singularly nondescript in character — though it must not for a moment be supposed that we regard a taste for gambling with a love of the beautiful as forming an agreeable mixture — we note that in lotteries started for charitable purposes there is usually no thought of gain on the part of those who originate the scheme. That is, they have no wish to gain money for themselves, though they may be very anxious to gain money for the special purpose they have in view. This wish may be, and indeed commonly proves to be, inconsistent with strict fairness towards the buyers of tickets. But as these are supposed to be also possessed with the same desire to advance a charitable purpose that actuates the promoters of the scheme, it is not thought unfair to sell them their tickets rather dearly, or to increase the number of tickets beyond what the price value of the prizes would in strict justice permit. It is, however, to be noted that the assumption by which such procedure is supposed to be justified is far from being always accurate. It is certain that a large proportion of those who buy tickets in charitable lotteries take no interest whatever in the object for which such lotteries are started. If lotteries were generally allowed, and therefore fairer lotteries could be formed than the charitable ones — which are as unfair in reality as the dealings of lady stall-keepers at fancy bazaars — the sale of tickets at charitable lotteries would be greatly reduced. It is only because those who are possessed by the gambling spirit can join no other lotteries that they join those for charitable purposes. The managers of these lotteries know this very well, though they may not be ready to admit very publicly that they do. If pressed on the subject, they speak of spoiling the Egyptians, of the end justifying the means, and so forth. But, as a matter of fact, it remains true that these well-intentioned folk, often most devout and religious persons, do, in the pursuit of money for charitable purposes, pander to the selfishness and greed of the true gambler, encourage the growth of similar evil qualities in members of their own community, and set an evil example, moreover, by systematically

breaking the law of the country. It would be harsh, perhaps, to speak strongly against persons whose intentions are excellent, and who are in many cases utterly free from selfish aims; but they cannot be acquitted from a charge of extreme folly, nor can it be denied that, be their purpose what it may, their deeds are evil in fact and evil in their consequences. It might be difficult to determine whether good worked by the total sum gained from one of these charitable lotteries was a fair equivalent for the mischief wrought in getting it. But this total is not all gained by choosing an illegal method of getting the sum required. The actual gain is only some slight saving of trouble on the part of the promoters of the charitable scheme, and a further slight gain to the pockets of the special community in which the charity is or should be promoted. And it is certain that these slight gains by no means justify the use of an illegal and most mischievous way of obtaining money. It would be difficult to find any justification for the system, once the immorality of gambling is admitted, which might not equally well be urged for a scheme by which the proceeds (say) of one week's run of a common gaming-table should be devoted to the relief (say) of the sick poor of some religious community. Nay, if charitable ends can at all justify immoral means, one might go further still, and allow money to be obtained for such purposes from the encouragement of still more objectionable vices. We might in fact recognize quite a new meaning in the saying that "charity covers a multitude of sins."

We have said that a lottery in which all the prizes were goods such as might be sold, retail, at prices amounting to the total cost of all the tickets sold would be strictly fair. We do not know whether a lottery ever has been understood in that way. But certainly it seems conceivable that such a thing might have happened; and in that case, despite the objections which, as we have shown, exist against such an arrangement, there would have been a perfectly fair lottery. Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," seems to have omitted the consideration of lotteries of this kind, when he said that "the world neither ever saw, nor ever will see, a perfectly fair lottery, or one in which the whole gain compensated the whole loss; because the undertaker could gain nothing by it." Indeed, it has certainly happened in several cases that there have been lotteries in which the total price of the tickets fell short of the total value of the

prizes — these being presents made for a charitable purpose, and the tickets purposely sold at very low prices. It is well known, too, that in ancient Rome, where lotteries are said to have been invented, chances in lotteries were often, if not always, distributed gratuitously.

But, assuredly, Adam Smith is justified in his remark if it be regarded as relating solely to lotteries in which the prizes have been sums of money, and gain has been the sole object of the promoters. "In the State lotteries," as he justly says, "the tickets are really not worth the price which is paid by the original subscribers," though from his sequent remarks it appears that he had very imperfect information respecting some of the more monstrous cases of robbery (no other word meets the case) by promoters of some of these State swindles.

The first idea in State lotteries seems to have been to adopt the simple arrangement by which a certain sum is paid for each of a given number of tickets, a series of prizes being provided less in total value than the sum thus obtained.

It was soon found, however, that people are so easily gulled in matters of chance, that the State could safely assume a very disinterested attitude. Having provided prizes of definite value, and arranged the number of tickets, it simply offered these for sale to contractors. The profit to the State consisted in the excess of the sum which the contractors willingly offered above the just value (usually 10%) of each ticket. This sum varied with circumstances, but generally was about 6% or 7% per ticket beyond the proper price. That is the contractors paid about 16% or 17% for tickets really worth 10%. They were allowed to divide the tickets into shares, — halves, quarters, eighths, and sixteenths. When a contractor sold a full ticket he usually got about from 21% to 22% for it; but when he sold a ticket in shares his gain per ticket was considerably greater. The object in limiting the subdivision to one-sixteenth was to prevent laboring men from risking their earnings. It is hardly necessary to say, however, that the provision was constantly and easily evaded, or that the means used for evading the limitation only aggravated the evil. At illegal offices, commonly known as "little goes," any sum, however small, could be risked, and to cover the chance of detection and punishment these offices required greater profits than the legal lottery-offices. "All the efforts of the police," we read, "were ineffectual for the suppression of these illegal proceedings, and for many years a

great and growing repugnance was manifested in Parliament to this method of raising any part of the public revenue. At length, in 1823, the last act that was sanctioned by Parliament for the sale of lottery-tickets contained provisions for putting down all private lotteries, and for rendering illegal the sale, in this kingdom, of all tickets or shares of tickets in any foreign lottery, — which latter provision is to this day extensively evaded."

The earliest English lottery on record is that of the year 1569, when forty thousand chances were sold at 10s. each, the prizes being articles of plate, and the profit used in the repair of certain harbors. The gambling spirit seems to have developed greatly during the next century; for, early in the reign of Queen Anne, it was found necessary to suppress private lotteries "as public nuisances," a description far better applicable (in more senses than one) to public lotteries. "In the early period of the history of the national debt," says a writer (De Morgan, we believe) in the "Penny Cyclopædia," "it was usual to pay the prizes in the state lotteries in the form of terminable annuities. In 1694 a loan of a million was raised by the sale of lottery-tickets at 10s. per ticket, the prizes in which were funded at the rate of fourteen per cent. for sixteen years certain. In 1746 a loan of three millions was raised on four per cent. annuities, and a lottery of fifty thousand tickets of 10s. each; and in the following year one million was raised by the sale of one hundred thousand tickets, the prizes in which were funded in perpetual annuities at the rate of four per cent. per annum. Probably the last occasion on which the taste for gambling was thus made use of occurred in 1780, when every subscriber of 1,000s. towards a loan of twelve millions at four per cent., received a bonus of four lottery-tickets, the intrinsic value of each of which was 10s." About this time the spirit of gambling had been still more remarkably developed than in Anne's reign, despite the laws passed to suppress private lotteries. In 1778 an act was passed by which every person keeping a lottery-office was obliged to take out a yearly license costing 50s. This measure reduced the number of such offices from four hundred to fifty-one. In France the demoralization of the people resulting from the immorality of the government in encouraging by lotteries the gambling spirit, was greater even than in England.

The fairest system for such lotteries as we have hitherto considered was that adopted in the Hamburg lotteries. The

whole money for which tickets were sold was distributed in the form of prizes, except a deduction of ten per cent. made from the amount of each prize at the time of payment.

Before pausing to consider the grossly unfair systems which have been, and still are, adopted in certain foreign lotteries, it may be well to notice that the immorality of lotteries was not recognized a century ago so clearly as it is now; and therefore, in effect, those who arranged them were not so blameworthy as men would be who, in our own time, arrange lotteries, whether openly or surreptitiously. Even so late as half a century ago an American lawyer, of high character, was not ashamed openly to defend lotteries in these terms: "I am no friend," he said, "to lotteries, but I cannot admit that they are *per se* criminal or immoral when authorized by law. If they were nuisances, it was in the manner in which they were managed. In England, if not in France," (how strange this sounds!) "there were lotteries annually instituted by government, and it was considered a fair way to reach the pockets of misers and persons disposed to dissipate their funds. The American Congress of 1776 instituted a national lottery, and perhaps no body of men ever surpassed them in intelligence and virtue." De Morgan, remarking on this expression of opinion, says that it shows what a man of high character for integrity and knowledge thought of lotteries twenty years ago (he wrote in 1839). "The opinions which he expressed were at that time," continues De Morgan, "shared, we venture to say, by a great number."

The experience of those who arranged these earlier State lotteries showed that men in general, especially the ignorant who form the great bulk of the population, place such reliance on their luck, that almost any price may be asked for the chance of making a large fortune at one lucky stroke. Albeit, it was seen that the nature of the fraud practised should preferably be such that not one man in a thousand would be able to point out where the wrong really lay. Again, it was perceived that if the prizes in a lottery were reduced too greatly in number but increased in size, the smallness of the chance of winning one of the few prizes left would become too obvious. A system was required by which the number of prizes might seem unlimited, and their possible value very great, while also there should be a possibility of the founders of the lottery not getting back all they ventured.

So long as it was absolutely certain that, let the event be what it might, the managers of the lottery would gain, some might be deterred from risking their money by the simple statement of this fact. Moreover, under such conditions, it was always possible that at some time the wrath of losers (who would form a large part of the community if lottery operations were successful) might be roused in a dangerous way, unless it could be shown that the managers of public lotteries ran some chance, though it might be only a small chance, of losing, and even some chance of ruin as absolute as that which might befall individual gamblers.

It was to meet such difficulties as these that lottery systems like that sometimes called the Geneva system were invented. This system we propose now to describe, as illustrating these more speculative ventures, showing in particular how the buyers of chances were defrauded in the favorite methods of venturing.

In the Geneva lottery there are ninety numbers. At each drawing five are taken. The simplest venture is made on a single number. A sum is hazarded on a named number, and if this number is one of the five drawn, the speculator receives fifteen times the value of his stake. Such a venture is called a *simple drawing*. It is easy to see that in the long run the lottery-keeper must gain by this system. The chance that the number selected out of ninety will appear among five numbers drawn, is the same that a selected number out of eighteen would appear at a single drawing. It is one chance in eighteen. Now if a person bought a single ticket out of eighteen, each costing (say) 1*l*., his fair prize if he drew the winning ticket should be 18*l*.. This is what he would have to pay to buy up all the eighteen tickets, so making sure of the prize. The position of the speculator who buys one number at 1*l*., in the Geneva lottery, is precisely that of the purchaser of such a ticket, only that instead of the prize being 18*l*., if he wins, it is only 15*l*.. The lottery-keeper's position on a single venture is not precisely that of one who should have sold eighteen tickets at 1*l* each for a lottery having one prize only; for the latter would be certain to gain money if the prize were any sum short of 18*l*., whereas the Geneva lottery-keeper will lose on a single venture, supposing the winning number is drawn, though the prize is 15*l*., instead of 18*l*.. But in the long run the Geneva lottery-keeper is certain to win at these odds. He is in the position of a man who continually

wagers odds of fourteen to one against the occurrence of an event the real odds against which are seventeen to one. Or his position may be compared to that of a player who takes seventeen chances out of eighteen at (say) their just value, 1*l* each, or 17*l*. in all, his opponent taking the remaining chance at its just value, 1*l*., but instead of the total stakes, 18*l*., being left in the pool, the purchaser of the larger number abstracts 3*l*. from the pool at each venture.

That men can be found to agree to such an arrangement as this shows that their confidence in their own good fortune makes them willing to pay, for the chance of getting fifteen times their stake, what they ought to pay for the chance of getting eighteen times its value. The amount of which they are in reality defrauded at each venture is easily calculated. Suppose the speculator to venture 1*l*.. Now the actual value of one chance in eighteen of any prize is one-eighteenth of that prize, which in this case should therefore be 18*l*.. If, then, the prize really played for has but fifteen-eightieths of its true value, or is in this case 15*l*., the value of a single chance amounts only to one-eighteenth of 15*l*., or to 16*s*. 8*d*.. Thus at each venture of 1*l*. the speculator is cheated out of 3*s*. 4*d*., or one-sixth of his stake.

This, however, is a mere trifle. In the old-fashioned English system of lotteries, the purchaser of a 10*l*. ticket often paid more than 20*l*., so that he was defrauded by more than half his stake; and though less than half the robbery went into the hands of the contractor who actually sold the ticket, the larger share went to the State. In other ventures, by the Geneva system, the old-fashioned English system of robbery was far surpassed.

Instead of naming one number for a drawing (in which five numbers are taken) the speculator may say in what position among the five his number is to come. If he is successful, he receives seventy times his stake. This is, in effect, exactly the same as though but one number was drawn. The speculator has only one chance out of ninety, instead of one chance out of five. He ought, then, in strict justice, to receive ninety times his stake, if he wins. Supposing his venture 1*l*., the prize of success should be 90*l*.. By reducing it to 70*l*., the lottery-keeper reduces the real value of the ticket from 1*l*. to one-nineteenth part of 70*l*., or to 15*s*. 6 2-3*d*., defrauding the speculator of two-ninths of his stake. Such a venture as this is called a *determinate drawing*.

The next venture allowed in the Geneva system is called *simple ambe*. Two numbers are chosen. If both these appear among the five drawn, the prize is two hundred and seventy times the stake. Now among the ninety numbers the player can select two, in 8,010 different ways; for he can first take any one of the ninety numbers, and then he can take for his second number any one of the eighty-nine numbers left; that is, he may make ninety different first selections, each leaving him a choice of eighty-nine different second selections; so that there are ninety times eighty-nine (or 8,010) possible selections in all. But in any set of five numbers there are, treating them in the same way, only twenty (or five times four) different arrangements of two numbers. So that out of 8,010 possible selections only twenty appear in each drawing of five numbers. The speculator's chance then is only twenty in, 8,010 or two in eight hundred and one; and he ought, if he wins, to have for prize his stake increased in the ratio of eight hundred and one to two, or four hundred and one-half times. Instead of this it is increased only two hundred and seventy times. At each venture he receives in return for his stake a chance worth a sum less than his stake, in the same degree that two hundred and seventy is less than four hundred and one-half, or is, in fact, defrauded of nearly one-third the value of his stake.

The next venture is called *determinate ambe*. Here the speculator names the order in which two selected numbers will appear. Instead of twenty chances at any drawing of five numbers, he has only one chance — one chance in 8,010. He ought then to receive 8,010 times his stake, if he wins. As a matter of fact he receives only 5,100 times his stake. From this it follows that he is defrauded of 2,910 parts out of 8,010 of his stake, or very nearly three-eighths of the stake's value.

But more speculative ventures remain. The speculator can name three numbers. Now there are 704,880 possible selections of three numbers out of ninety. (There are 8,010 possible selections of two numbers, as already shown, and with each of these any one of the remaining eighty-eight numbers can be taken to make the third number; thus we have 88 times 8,010, or 704,880 sets of three numbers in all.) These can appear among the five drawn numbers in sixty different ways (five times four times three). Thus the speculator has sixty chances out of 704,880, or one chance in 11,748. He ought then to re-

ceive 11,748 times his stake, if he wins; but in reality he receives only 5,500 times his stake in this event. Thus the lottery-keeper robs him of more than half his just winnings, if successful, and of more than half the mathematical value of his stake at the outset. The venture in this case is called *simple terne*. *Determinate terne* is not allowed. If it were, the prize of a successful guess should be 704,880 times the stake.

Quaterne involves the selection of four numbers. With ninety numbers 61,334,560 (704,880 times 87) different selections of four numbers can be made. Among the five drawn numbers there can only be found one hundred and twenty arrangements of four numbers. Thus the speculator has only one hundred and twenty chances out of 61,334,560, or one chance out of 511,038. He ought therefore, if he wins, to receive 511,038 times his stake. The prize is only 75,000 times the stake. The lottery-keeper deducts, in fact, six-sevenths of the value of the stake at each venture. *Determinate quaterne* is, of course, not adopted.

Simple *quaterne* is, at present, the most speculative venture adopted. Formerly *quine* was allowed, the speculator having five numbers, and, if all five were drawn, receiving a million times the value of his stake. He should have received 43,949,268 times its value; so that, in effect, he was deprived of more than forty-two forty-thirds of the true value of his venture.

The following table shows the amount by which the terms of the Geneva system reduce the value of the stake in these different cases, the stake being set at 1*l*. for convenience:—

	Actual Worth of 1 <i>l</i> . Stake.		Robbery per 1 <i>l</i> . Stake.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
Simple drawing	16	8	3	4
Determinate do.	15	6 3/4	4	5 1/4
Simple ambe	13	6	6	6
Determinate do.	12	9	7	3
Terne	9	4 1/2	10	7 1/2
Quaterne	2	11 1/4	17	0 3/4

It may be thought, perhaps, that such speculative ventures as *terne* and *quaterne* would very seldom be made. But the reverse was the case. These were the favorite ventures; and that they were made very often is proved to every one acquainted with the laws of chance by the circumstance that they not unfrequently proved successful. For every time such a venture as a simple *quaterne* was won, it must have been lost some half a million times.

It appears that in France the Geneva system was adopted without any of the limitations we have mentioned, and with some additional chances for those who liked fanciful ventures. Professor De Morgan, in his "Budget of Paradoxes," says: "In the French lottery five numbers out of ninety were drawn at a time: any person, in any part of the country, might stake any sum upon any event he pleased, as that 27 should be drawn; that 42 and 81 should be drawn; that 42 and 81 should be drawn, and 42 first; and so on up to a *quine déterminé*, if he chose, which is betting on five given numbers in a given order." The chance of a successful guess, in this last case, is 1 in 5,274,772,160. Yet if every grown person in Europe made one guess a day, venturing a penny on the guess, and receiving the just prize, or say only 4,800,000,000 times his stake, on winning, it would be practically certain that in less than a year some one would win 20,000,000*l.* for a penny! It would be equally certain, that though this were repeated dozens of times, the lottery-keepers would gain by the arrangement, even at the rate above stated. Nay, the oftener they had to pay over 20,000,000*l.* for a penny, the greater their gains would be. As the actual prize in such a case would be ten million instead of merely five thousand two hundred and seventy-five million times the stake, their real gains, if they had to pay such prizes often, would be tremendous. For, in the long run, every prize of half a million pounds for a shilling stake would represent a clear profit of two hundred and fifty million pounds. The successful ventures would be only one in about five thousand millions of unsuccessful ones, while paid for only at the rate of ten million stakes.

No instances are on record of a *quine déterminé* being won, but a simple *quine*, the odds against which, be it remembered, are nearly forty-four millions to 1, has been won; and simple *quaterne*s, against which the odds are more than half a million to 1, have often been won. In July 1821 a strange circumstance occurred. A gambler had selected the five numbers 8, 13, 16, 46, and 64, and for the same drawing another had selected the four numbers 8, 16, 46, and 64. The numbers actually drawn were

8 46 16 64 13

so that both gamblers won. Their stakes were small, unfortunately for them and fortunately for the bank, and their actual winnings were only 131,350 francs and

20,852 francs respectively. If each had ventured 1*l.* only, their respective winnings would have been 1,000,000*l.*, and 75,000*l.* The coincidence was so remarkable (the antecedent probability against two gamblers winning on a single drawing or simple *quine* and a simple *quaterne* being about twenty-two billions to one), that one can understand a suspicion arising that a hint had been given from some one employed at the lottery-office. M. Menut insinuates this, and a recent occurrence at Naples suggests at least the possibility of collusion between gamblers and the drawers of lottery numbers. But in the case above cited the smallness of the stakes warrants the belief that the result was purely accidental. Certainly the gamblers would have staked more had they known what was to be the actual result of the drawing. The larger winner seems to have staked two sous only, the prize being, we suppose, 1,313,500 times the stake, instead of 1,000,000 as on a similar venture in the Geneva lottery. Possibly the stake was a foreign coin, and hence the actual value of the prize was not a round number of francs. The smaller winner probably staked five sous or thereabouts in foreign coin.

Simple *quaterne*s, as we have said, occurred frequently in France. De Morgan remarks that the enormous number of those who gambled "is proved to all who have studied chances arithmetically by the numbers of simple *quaterne*s which were gained: in 1822, fourteen; in 1823, six; in 1824, sixteen; in 1825, nine, etc." He does not, however, state the arithmetical proportion involved. If we take the average number at ten per annum, it would follow that about five million persons per annum staked money on this special venture — the simple *quaterne* — alone. Quetelet states that in the five years 1816–1820, the total sums hazarded on all forms of venture in the Paris lottery amounted to 126,944,000 francs, — say 5,000,000*l.* The total winnings of the speculators amounted to 94,750,000 francs, — say about 3,790,000*l.* The total amount returned to the treasury was 32,194,000 francs, or about 1,288,000*l.*, a clear average profit of 257,600*l.* per annum. Thus the treasury received rather more than a fourth of the sum hazarded. The return to the speculators corresponded nearly to that which would have been received if all the ventures made had been on a determinate single number.

In all these methods, the greater the number of speculators the greater the gains

of those who keep the lottery. The most fortunate thing which can happen to the lottery-keepers is that some remarkably lucky hit should be made by a speculator, or a series of such. For then they can advertise the great gains made by a few lucky speculators, saying nothing of the multitudes who have lost, with the result that millions are tempted to become speculators. There is this great advantage in the Geneva system: that the total number of losers can never be known except to the lottery-keepers. In the old-fashioned English system the number of losers was as well known as the number of winners and their respective gains. But the keepers of the Paris and Geneva lotteries, as of those which have since been established on the same system, could publish the lists of winners without any fear that newspaper writers or essayists would remind the general public of the actual number of losers. The student of probabilities might readily calculate the probable number of losers, and would be absolutely certain that the real number could not differ greatly from that calculated; but he could not definitely assert that so many had lost, or that the total losses amounted to so much.

It occurred to the Russian government, which has at all times been notably ready to take advantage of scientific discoveries, that a method might be devised for despoiling the public more effectually than by the Geneva method. A plan had been invented by those who wanted the public money, and mathematicians were simply asked to indicate the just price for tickets, so that the government, by asking twice that price, or more, might make money safely and quickly. The plan turned out to be wholly impracticable; but the idea and the result of its investigation are so full of interest and instruction that we shall venture to give a full account of them here, noting that the reader who can catch the true bearing of the problem involved may consider himself quite safe from any chance of being taken in by the commoner fallacies belonging to the subject of probabilities.

The idea was this. Instead of the drawing of numbers, the tossing of a coin was to decide the prize to be paid, and there were to be no blanks. If "head" was tossed at a first trial the speculator was to receive a definite sum — 2*l.* we take for convenience, and also because this seems to have been nearly the sum originally suggested in Russian money. If "head" did not appear till the second trial the speculator was to receive 4*l.*; if

"head" did not appear till the third trial, he received 8*l.*; if not till the fourth, he received 16*l.*; if not till the fifth, 32*l.*; till the sixth, 64*l.*; the seventh, 128*l.*; the eighth, 256*l.*, and so on; the prize being doubled for each additional tossing before "head" appeared. It will be observed that the number of pounds in the prize is two raised to the power corresponding to the number of the tossing at which "head" first appears. If it appears first, for instance, at the tenth trial, then we raise two to the tenth power, getting 1,024, and the prize is 1,024*l.*; if "head" appears first at the twelfth trial, we raise two to the twelfth power, getting 4,048, and the prize is 4,048*l.*

Doubtless the origin of this idea was the observed circumstance that the more speculative ventures had a great charm for the common mind. Despite the enormous deduction made from the just value of the prize, when *ternes*, *quaternes*, and other such ventures were made, the public in France, Switzerland, and Italy bought these ventures by millions, as was shown by the fact that several times in each year even *quaternes* were won. Now in the Petersburg plan there was a chance, however small, of enormous winnings. Head might not appear till the tenth, twelfth, or even the twentieth tossing; and then the prize would be 1,024*l.*, 4,048*l.*, or 1,048,576*l.*, respectively. It was felt that tens of millions would be tempted by the chance of such enormous gains; and it was thought that the gains of government would be proportionately heavy. All that was necessary was that the just value of a chance in this lottery should be ascertained by mathematicians, and the price properly raised.

Mathematicians very readily solved the problem, though one or two of the most distinguished (D'Alembert, for instance) rejected the solution as incomprehensible and paradoxical. Let the reader who takes interest enough in such matters pause for a moment here to inquire what would be a natural and probable value for a chance in the suggested lottery. Few, we believe, would give 10*l.* for a chance. No one, we are sure — not even one who thoroughly recognized the validity of the mathematical solution of the problem — would offer 100*l.* Yet the just value of a chance is greater than 10*l.*, greater than 100*l.*, greater than any sum which can be named. A government, indeed, which should offer to sell these chances at say 50*l.* would most probably gain, even if many accepted the risk and bought chances, which would

be very unlikely, however. The fewer bought chances the greater would be the government's chance of gain, or rather their chance of escaping loss. But this of course is precisely the contrary to what is required in a lottery system. What is wanted is that many should be encouraged to buy chances, and that the more chances are bought the greater should be the security of those keeping the lottery. In the Petersburg plan, a high and practically prohibitory price must first be set on each chance, and even then the lottery-keepers could only escape loss by restricting the number of purchases. The scheme was therefore abandoned.

The result of the mathematical inquiry seems on the face of it absurd. It seems altogether monstrous, as De Morgan admits, to say that an infinite amount of money should in reality be given for each chance, to cover its true mathematical value. And to all intents and purposes any very great value would far exceed the probable average value of any possible number of ventures. If a million million ventures were made, first and last, 50*l.* per venture would probably bring in several millions of millions of pounds clear profit to the lottery-keepers; while 30*l.* per venture would as probably involve them in correspondingly heavy losses. 40*l.* per venture would probably bring them safe, though without any great percentage of profit. If a thousand million ventures were made, 30*l.* per venture would probably make the lottery safe, while 35*l.* would bring great gain in all probability, and 25*l.* would as probably involve serious loss. If all the human beings who have ever lived on this earth, during every day in their lives had been taking chances in such a lottery, the average price of all the sums gained would be quite unlikely to approach 100*l.* Yet still the mathematical proposition is sound, that if the number of speculators in the Petersburg lottery were absolutely unlimited, no sum, however great, would fairly represent the price of a chance. And while that unpractical result (for the number of speculators would not be unlimited) is true, the practical result is easily proved, that the larger the number of venturers the greater should be the price for each chance — a relation which absolutely forbids the employment of this method of keeping lotteries.

Let us see how this can be shown. De Morgan has given a demonstration, but it is not one to be very readily understood of the people not versed in mathematical methods of reasoning. We believe, however, that the following proof will be found

easy to understand, while at the same time satisfactory and convincing.

Suppose that eight ventures only are made, and that among the eight, four, or exactly half, toss head the first time; of the remaining four, two half-toss head at the second trial; of the remaining two, one tosses head at the third trial; while the other tosses head at the fourth trial. This may be regarded as representing what might on the average be expected from eight trials, though in reality it does not; for of course, if it did, the average price per chance inferred from eight such trials would be the true average for eight million trials, or eight million times eight million. Still it fairly represents all that could be hoped for from a single set of eight ventures. Now we see that the sums paid in prizes, in this case, would be four times 2*l.* for those who tossed "head" at the first trial; twice 4*l.* for those who tossed "head" at the second trial; 8*l.* for him who tossed "head" at the third trial; and 16*l.* for the last and most fortunate of the eight; or 40*l.* in all. This gives an average of 5*l.* for each chance.

Now suppose there are sixteen ventures, and treat this number in the same way. We get eight who receive 2*l.* each; four who receive 4*l.* each; two who receive 8*l.* each; one who receives 16*l.*; and one who receives 32*l.* The total, then, is 96*l.*, giving an average of 6*l.* for each chance.

Next take thirty-two ventures. Sixteen receive 2*l.* each; eight 4*l.* each; four 8*l.* each; two 16*l.* each; one 32*l.*; and one 64*l.*; a total of 224*l.*, giving an average of 7*l.* for each venture.

It will be noticed that the average price per venture has risen 1*l.* at each doubling of the total number of speculators. Nor is it difficult to perceive that this increase will proceed systematically. To show this we take a larger number, 1,024, which is two doubled ten times, or technically two raised to the tenth power. Treating this like our other numbers, we find that five hundred and twelve speculators are to receive 2*l.* each, making 1,024*l.* in all: thus we get as many pounds as there are ventures for this first halving. Next, two hundred and fifty-six receive 4*l.* each, or 1,024*l.* in all; that is, again we get as many pounds as there are ventures for this second halving. Next, one hundred and twenty-eight receive 8*l.*, or 1,024*l.* in all; or, again, we get as many pounds as there are ventures for this third halving. This goes on ten times, the tenth halving giving us one speculator who receives 1,024*l.*, and still leaving one who has not yet tossed

"head." Since each halving gives us 1,024 $\frac{1}{2}$, we now have ten times 1,024 $\frac{1}{2}$. The last speculator tosses "head" at the next trial and wins 2,048 $\frac{1}{2}$; making a grand total of twelve times 1,024 $\frac{1}{2}$, or twelve times as many pounds as there are speculators. The average, therefore, amounts to 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ per chance; and we see, by the way in which the result has been obtained, that in every such case the chance will be worth 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ more than as many pounds as there are halvings. Of course the number of halvings is the number representing the power to which 2 is raised to give the number of speculators. The number of speculators need not necessarily be a power of 2. We have only supposed it so for simplicity of calculation. But the application of the method of halving can be almost as readily made with any number of speculators. It is only when we get down to small numbers, as 9, 7, 5, or 3, that any difficulty arises from fractional or half men; but the result is not materially affected where the original number is large, by taking 4 or 3 as the next halving after either 7 or 9 (for example), or 2 as the next halving after 3. But practically we need not carry out these halvings, after we have once satisfied ourselves of the validity of the general rule. Thus suppose we require to ascertain a fair value for a million chances. We find that the nearest power of 2 to the number one million is the twentieth. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ then, is a fair value.

But, of course, the whole course of our reasoning proves that while probably 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ would be a fair value for a million ventures, it could not be the mathematically just value. For who is to assure the lottery-keeper that after the million ventures, another million will not be taken? Now for two million ventures the probable value according to our method would be 23 $\frac{1}{2}$, since two millions is nearly equal to 2 raised to the twenty-first power. There might be a million million ventures; and if 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ were really the true price for one million, it would be the true price for each of the million ventures. But since a million million is roughly equal to 2 raised to the fortieth power, the price according to our method would be about 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ per chance.

All that can be said is that among any definite number of trials it is not antecedently probable that there will be any of those very long runs of "trials" which are practically certain to occur when many times that number of trials (whatever it may be) are made.

The experiment has been actually tried, though it was not necessary to establish

the principle. So far as the relatively small average value of the chance, when a few ventures only are made, the reader can readily try the experiment for himself. Let him make, for instance, eight trials, each trial ending when he has tossed head; and according as head comes at the first, second, or third tossing in any trial, let him write down 2 $\frac{1}{2}$, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, etc. respectively. The total dividend by eight will give the average values of each trial. But Buffon and each of three correspondents of De Morgan's made 2,048 trials—an experiment which even the most enthusiastic student of chances will not greatly care to repeat. Buffon's results, the only set we shall separately quote, were as follows. In 1,061 trials, "head" showed at the first tossing; in 494, at the second; in 232, at the third; in 137, at the fourth; in 56, at the fifth; in 29, at the sixth; in 25, at the seventh, in 8, at the eighth; in 6, at the ninth. The 2,048 trials, estimated according to the Petersburg system, would have given 20,114 $\frac{1}{2}$ in all, or nearly 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ per game. According to our method, since 2,048 is the eleventh power of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$, the average value of each chance would be 13 $\frac{1}{2}$;* and Buffon's result is quite as near as could be expected in a single experiment on 2,048 trials.

But when we take the four experiments collectively, getting in this way the results of 8,192 trials (which De Morgan, strangely enough, does not seem to have thought of), we find the average value of each chance greatly increased as theory requires, and, as it happens, increased even beyond the value which theory assigns as probable for this number of trials. Among them there was only one in which head appeared after tail had been tossed eleven times, whereas we might expect that there

* We note that De Morgan obtains the value 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ instead of 13 $\frac{1}{2}$. But he strangely omits one of the last pair of trials altogether. Thus, he says, "in the long run, and on 2,048 trials, we might expect two sets in which 'heads' should not appear till the tenth throw," which is right, "and one in which no such thing should take place till the eleventh," which is also right. But it is because there will probably be four trials of which two only will probably give "heads," that we expect two to give "tails" yet once more. The two which gave "heads" are the two first mentioned by De Morgan, in which "heads" appear at the tenth throw. Of the two remaining we expect one to give "head," the other "tail." The former is the "one" next mentioned by De Morgan, in which "head" appears at the eleventh throw. The other in which "tail" may be expected to appear is the most valuable of all. Even if "head" appears at the next or twelfth-tossing, this trial brings a prize worth twice as many pounds as the total number of trials—and therefore adding 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to the average value of each trial. It is quite true that Buffon's experiment chances to give a result even less than De Morgan's value, and still further therefore from mine. But, as will be seen, the other experiment gave an average result above his estimate, and even above mine. It cannot possibly be correct to omit all consideration of the most profitable trial of all.

would be four such cases; but there was one case in which head only appeared after tail had been tossed thirteen times, and there were two cases in which head only appeared after tail had been tossed fifteen times. Of course this was purely accidental. We may always be tolerably sure that in a large number of tossings, about one-half will be head and about one-half tail. But when only a few tossings are to be made, this proportion can no longer be looked for with the same high degree of probability. When, again, only four or five chances are left, we may find these all dropping off at once, on the one hand, or one or two of them may run on with five or six more successful tossings; and as at each tossing the prize, already amounting for the last trial to as many pounds as there were originally chances, is doubled, we may find the average price of each chance increased by 1*l*., 2*l*., 4*l*., 8*l*., 16*l*., or more, by the continued success of the longest-lasting trial, or perhaps of two or three lasting equally long. This happened in the 8,192 trials whose results are recorded by De Morgan. I find that the total amount which would have been due in prizes, according to the Petersburg plan, would have been 150,830*l*., an average of 18*l*., 8*s*. 2 1-2*d*. (almost exactly) per trial; whereas the theoretical average for 8,192 trials would be only 15*l*.

It is manifest that, though in a million trials by this method some such sum as 30*l*. per trial would probably cover all the prizes gained, it would be unsafe to put any definite price on each venture, where the number of venturers would of necessity be unlimited. And since even a price which would barely cover the probable expenses would be far more than speculators would care to give, the plan is utterly unsuited for a public lottery. It may be well to note how large a proportion of the speculators would lose by their venture, even in a case where the total ventured was just covered by the prizes. Suppose there were rather more than a million speculators (more exactly, that the numbers were the twentieth power of two, or 1,048,576), and that the average result followed, the price per venture being 22*l*. Then 524,288 persons would receive only 2*l*. and lose 20*l*. each; 262,144 would receive only 4*l*., and lose 18*l*. each; 131,072 would receive 8*l*. and lose 14*l*. each; 65,536 would receive 16*l*. and lose 6*l*. each. All the rest would gain; 32,768 would receive 32*l*. and gain 10*l*. each; 16,384 would receive 64*l*. and gain 42*l*. each; and so on; 8,192 would receive 128*l*. each; 4,096 would receive 256*l*. each; 2,048 each 512*l*.; 1,024,

each 1,024*l*.; 512 each 2,048*l*.; 256 each 4,096*l*.; 128 each 8,192*l*.; 64 each 16,384*l*.; 32 each 32,768*l*.; 16 each 65,536*l*.; 8 each 131,072*l*.; 4 each 262,144*l*.; 2 each 524,288*l*.; 1 would receive 1,048,572*l*.; and lastly, 1 would receive 2,097,952*l*. But there would be only 65,536 out of 1,048,576 speculators who would gain, or only 1 in 16.

It is singular that whereas it would be almost impossible to persuade even one person to venture 22*l*. in such a lottery as we have described, almost any number of persons could be persuaded to join again and again in a lottery where the prizes and blanks were arranged as in the way described in the preceding paragraph as the average outcome of 1,048,576 ventures. In other words, no one puts so much faith in his luck as to venture a sum on the chance of gaining a little, if he tosses "tail" four times running (losing if "head" appears sooner), and of gaining more and more the oftener "tail" is tossed, until, should he toss tail twenty times running, he will receive more than two million pounds. But almost every person who is willing to gamble at all will be ready to venture the same sum on the practically equivalent chance of winning in a lottery where there are rather more than a million tickets, and the same prizes as in the other case. Whatever advantage there is, speaking mathematically, is in favor of the tossing risk; for the purchaser of a trial has not only the chance of winning such prizes as in a common lottery arranged to give, with prizes corresponding to the above-described average case, but he has a chance, though a small one, of winning four, eight, sixteen, or more millions of pounds for his venture of 22*l*. We see, then, that the gamblers are very poor judges of chances, rejecting absolutely risks of one kind, while accepting systematically those of another kind, though of equal mathematical value, or even greater.

In passing, we may note that the possibility of winning abnormally valuable prizes in the Petersburg lottery affords another explanation of the apparent paradox involved in the assertion that no sum, however large, fairly represents the mathematical value of each trial. To obtain the just price of a lottery-ticket, we must multiply each prize by the chance of getting it, and add the results together; this is the mathematical value of one chance or ticket. Now in the Petersburg lottery the possible prizes are 2*l*., 4*l*., 8*l*., 16*l*., and so on, doubling to infinity; the chances of getting each are, respectively, one-half, one-fourth, one-eighth, one-sixteenth, and

so on. The value of a chance, then, is the half of 2L , added to the quarter of 4L , to the eighth of 8L , and so on to infinity, each item of the infinite series being 1L . Hence the mathematical value of a single chance is infinite. The result appears paradoxical; but it really means only that the oftener the trial is made, the greater will be the probable average value of the prizes obtained. Or as in fact the solution is, that if the number of trials were infinite, the value of each would be infinite, we only obtain a paradoxical result in an impossible case. Note also that the two kinds of infinity involved in the number of trials and in the just mathematical price of each are different. If the number of trials were two raised to an infinitely high power, the probable average value of each trial would be the infinitely high number representing that power. But two raised to that power would give an infinitely higher number. To take very large numbers instead of infinite numbers, which simply elude us: suppose the number of trials could be two raised to the millionth power; then the probable average value of each would be $1,000,002\text{L}$, which is a large number of pounds; but the number is a mere nothing compared with the number of trials, a number containing 301,031 *digits*! If the smallest atom, according to the estimate made by physicists, were divided into a million millions of parts, the entire volume of a sphere exceeding a million million times in radius the distance of the remotest star brought into view by Lord Rosse's mighty telescope, would not contain a million millionth of that number of these indefinitely minute subdivisions of the atom. Nay, we might write trillions or quadrillions where we have just written millions in the preceding lines, and yet not have a number reaching a quadrillionth part of the way to the inconceivable number obtained by raising two to the millionth power. Yet for this tremendous number of trials the average mathematical value of each would amount but to a poor million — absolutely nothing by comparison.

From The Economist.

THE PROJECTED LOTTERIES.

WE hear with pleasure that the lord advocate in Scotland, and the Home Office in England, have interfered with decision against the huge lotteries proposed in order to meet the losses of the City of Glasgow and the West of England banks.

The lord advocate has distinctly informed the Scotch gentlemen who are about to start the gigantic Scotch scheme that, in the existing state of the law, he will have no option but to prosecute them, while the Home Office has intimated to those concerned in the Somersetshire affair that it sees no difference between their project and any other illegal lottery. As the law on the subject is unusually clear, especially when set in motion by government, we should have imagined this notice sufficient, but that we hear the projectors intend, on the ground of the great interests involved, to bring the matter before Parliament in the shape of a bill authorizing lotteries in relief of great public calamities, which will, as they fancy, be supported by many Scotch members, and perhaps by many members interested in the fate of banks. No such bill is at all likely to pass without strong government support, which this one will certainly not receive; but the confusion in the public mind appears to be so great that it may be as well to re-state the common-sense objection to all lotteries. In so doing we shall avoid the religious or moral objection, which has been pushed, perhaps, somewhat far, and confine ourselves strictly to the business view of the question.

There can be no doubt that it is the interest of the community to discourage mere speculation — that is money transactions in which no industry, no production, and no enterprise likely to increase the wealth of the community, is in any degree represented. Every such transaction, by just so far as it interests the public, diverts energy, enterprise, and capital from real work to a business, that of guessing for a stake, which, whether it succeed or fail, cannot, in the smallest degree, benefit the whole people. No State ruled by wise men would encourage the people to labor for months in counting the waves of the sea, or cutting ditches to fill them up again, or attempting to keep back the east wind. Grave rulers would hold that their people were wasting power, and, subject to the advantage derivable from allowing men to use their own judgment, would, as far as possible, restrain them from such waste. Of all forms of speculation gaming is the most objectionable, because, while it uses large sums, that is, a great deal of power, and absorbs its votaries very much, it does not pretend to produce anything, not even exercise, or happiness, or an improvement in the instruments of gaming. Apart from all moral considerations, whoever wins at a public gaming-table, the nation must always be the loser, by the waste of the whole force of the capital employed in

keeping the table going, in the stakes, and in the reserves held by the gamblers round the board. Nothing whatever is produced, the only end being the transfer of money, unimproved and unincreased, from A. to B., both B. and A. nevertheless having their energies a little worn out in the transfer. That is the first and the unanswerable economic reason against allowing gaming in any way which makes it a public or usual transaction; while there is another reason of experience which is even weightier. It is found, as a matter of experience, that public gaming above all attracts, and therefore diverts the energy of, the industrious, and especially of the industrious belonging to one important class. All industry is laborious, and all labor, unless it is strictly creative, is more or less unpleasant, so unpleasant as to make the laborer dissatisfied with his remuneration, and inclined to desire any change which shall relieve him from his toil. The patient repetition of monotonous work through a large portion of a lifetime is not acceptable to anybody, while to many it is the most disagreeable of the inevitable incidents of human life. To all such men the gaming-table, which promises fortune without labor or delay or drawback, is a temptation for which they will at once forego their useful avocations. Inasmuch as the gamblers must as a body lose, or otherwise the tables could not be kept up, this is injurious to the community, which depends on the industry of its members, while it is most injurious to one special class—those who are entrusted with the money of others. All experience proves that such persons, probably from feeling the contrast between the wealth in their charge and the wealth at their disposal, are especially attracted by speculation, and especially liable, when once involved in speculation, to misuse the money deposited in their hands. The gaming-table is hardly so ruinous to anybody as to clerks, cashiers, and shopmen, whose fidelity is absolutely necessary if the machinery of commerce is to go on at all. The rich do not gamble half so much as the poor, nor among the poor are any so attracted as those who have charge of money. Licensed gaming, therefore, being a direct temptation to pecuniary crime, is a direct and positive evil; and of all forms of licensed gaming the lottery is the worst. It is far the most secure, for in a decently managed lottery fraud is next to impossible. There is no publicity whatever to be feared by the player. It can be engaged in without loss of time or any exertion beyond the slight one involved in buying a

ticket, and it offers chances such as are not proffered at any gaming-table in the world. It would be possible, for example, for the holder of a ticket under the Scotch scheme to become wealthy in a moment, while he would have what he would consider an appreciable chance of winning a heavy stake. Such a chance, it has been proved by experience, disorganizes all society, begets an impatience of honest labor, increases theft among trustees of money,—to whom, indeed, as a contemporary has observed, it offers a possible reward for stealing,—and, as it necessarily disappoints the majority, increases the tendency to suicide, till the development of that form of mania weighed heavily with Parliament in abolishing lotteries. To re-establish them is to establish anew a temptation to crime, besides increasing throughout the community the natural distaste for ordinary labor, and the always existing discontent with its remuneration.

No reason whatever could justify the legislature in re-establishing lotteries, and the reasons advanced by the Scotch promoters of the scheme are of the feeblest kind. They say that the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank is a calamity so widespread in its effects as to rise to the dignity of a national misfortune, and, therefore, may justify a resort to exceptional means. That statement is, as regards the United Kingdom, a gross exaggeration, the failure of the bank being an insignificant occurrence as compared with a bad harvest, a fall in the profit on iron, or an outbreak of rinderpest; but we cannot discuss that in detail. Let us grant that the failure is a national injury,—which is, of course, true in a sense, though the nation benefits usually by the fall of traders who are wasting capital by trading at a loss,—and that any settled enterprise which replaced the deposits would be in its result desirable, where is the national benefit in this scheme? The projectors propose to give to the depositors 3,000,000*l.* sterling, and if it is carried out the depositors will be 3,000,000*l.* the richer, but how will the nation profit one penny? The money is not to be drawn from the sea, or the earth, or even from foreign countries, but from the pockets of persons in Great Britain other than the depositors. The country does not gain sixpence, any more than if the money were paid out of taxes, while it loses by the whole effect of the stimulus given to the spirit of gambling, the dishonesty always produced thereby, and the divergence of energy to unproductive channels. This stimulus would be very great, for nothing can be

more foolish than the Scotch argument that the lottery would be exceptional. If it succeeded—and we may remark, in passing, that the arithmetical conditions seem to leave no chance of success—it would be imitated whenever any great failure had involved multitudes in pecuniary misfortune. There is nothing exceptional in the failure of an unlimited bank, and nothing in the position of the City of Glasgow Bank to entitle its shareholders to the special favor of Parliament. It is not likely that any future shareholders who may be ruined will have been more careless, or have elected directors less entitled to the confidence of business men, and each fresh group will, therefore, have as much claim on Parliament. So will the shareholders in any other undertaking not a bank; and, in fact, the lottery system will be revived upon a scale hitherto unknown; for it should be remembered that the earlier lotteries were on a scale which, compared with the Scotch scheme, is positively small. We believe 600,000*l.* was the largest amount ever taken. We cannot imagine a worse result from a national burst of pity, or a more injurious misdirection of great quantities of national capital, energy, and powers of calculation. By this single Scotch scheme, six millions would be withdrawn for at least six months from circulation, and left idle in order that chance might decide that it should go into one set of Scotch or English pockets rather than another. Apart from all questions of morality, where is the national good which should induce Parliament to consent to discourage industry by sanctioning a means of suddenly acquiring fortune without labor or thrift, and without production, by a transfer of property so entirely without consideration received as almost to become a kind of theft?

From The Saturday Review.

DIDACTIC FLIRTS.

MANY readers of "Daniel Deronda" may remember—if thick-coming novels have not obliterated all recollection of the subject—their surprise at Daniel's popularity with women. Why should two charming girls bow down and worship this preaching prig? people probably said to themselves, and doubted whether the author of his being had not made a mistake. But there really was no mistake, and George Eliot only gave a proof of her knowledge of the mind of modern girls. Daniel was, to put it in two words, an edu-

cational flirt. Hence his success with the fair.

That a young gentleman who was nothing if not scientific, reflective, and didactic should win women's fancies with a word, or, even without a word, with a glance, would have seemed strange to Fielding, absurd to Scott, improbable to Thackeray. Yet so rapid a change has passed over a small minority of young women that the educational flirt, the worldly college don, has his day, like those old favorites, the officers of the army and the clergy. Perhaps there is nothing to be regretted in this. We cannot all be cornets and curates, and the heroines of fiction must sometimes come down to inferior beings, and bestow their affections otherwise than on materialists and divines. They will find educational young men less easy to fix, more volatile and faithless than their old friends. As time goes on, however, they will begin to understand their educational young man, and to gauge beforehand his lack of "satisfactoriness," as it is called. They will learn by the experience of generations that his charms are not sterling, and that he is certain to flutter off, like a learned butterfly from the full-blown flower, to aid some fresh blossom to expand.

To assist blossoms to unfold themselves is the mission of the educational flirt. It is the buds that he cares for; the mature rose can take care of herself. The buds of an intellectual turn enjoy the process while it lasts, and it is fortunate for the educational flirt that the minds of many modern girls are intent on the "things of the intellect." As maidens once used to admire manly valor and revel in the fluent talk of "the military," so maidens now pine for everything that can be called "higher"—from the higher culture to the higher curves. Yet it is often, if not always, the fate of the aspiring to be born into an essentially commonplace family. They have brothers in offices or at public schools, and sisters who potter about the parish and set their hearts on the distribution of red flannel, tracts, coal, and soup. To the girl in a family of this kind who has unawakened faculties and a dormant taste for culture the educational flirt appears like a sober specimen of the fabled fairy prince. He is not "lighter footed than the fox," but he is an examiner in many examinations, a reader of the *Esoteric Review*, and he knows a man who once met Mr. Whistler at dinner. It is the joy of his life to pose as a master in the midst of fair disciples, and he is never so happy as when he is lecturing to ladies.

What satirists have so often said in their original way about curates might be said with equal truth about the educational flirt. Like the curate of the past, he is "most interesting," and his very scepticism makes him an object of tender anxiety. He has "seen so much of the world" (from rooms in college); and here he has a pull over the old favorite, who is distanced for the moment, but may come again when culture grows a weariness and the educational flirt has sought another district. Meanwhile it will be allowed that this accomplished man, who knows all about the growth of the English Constitution and about Campanian wall-paintings, who is equally ready to look over essays on Anglo-Saxon literature or copies of Greek prose ("ladies' Greek, without the accents") is a fortunate person. He supplies a modern want; he is the guide and moralist of dozens of girls; the harmless Abelard of many "staid" Heloisas.

The educational flirt is a kind of Admirable Crichton in a small way, and can speak instructively and impressively about almost everything of interest. He likes to guide the taste and mould the mind, and the minds of many ladies are eager for nothing so much as to be guided and moulded. It is easy to see how an educational correspondence about political economy may glide into an interchange of views about the meaning of the world and about the mission of women and men. Instruction in English composition may be illustrated on both sides by examples of original verse. The sympathy which narrow-minded sisters and brothers whose thoughts are straitened by commerce cannot give is readily imparted by the educational flirt. He is a student of humanity and of character, and character unfolds very rapidly in the sunshine of æsthetic discussion. When it has quite unfolded, when Heloisa knows all about "sociology" and spectrum analysis, about the theory of rent and the influence of Greek art on Italian sculpture, about Biblical criticism and the origin of language, it is time for Abelard to go and plant the standard of culture in some other quarter. Heloisa is now able to go about doing good on her own account. Poor Heloisa! she cannot possibly carry the war into Africa, she cannot march to and fro converting young men as her Abelard converts young women. It is a very remarkable fact that men, unlike girls, do not enjoy being proselytized in this way. If the male educational flirt meets the proper sort of young lady, he can lay down the law with much acceptance. The learned and talkative lady, on

the other hand, never meets the right sort of convertible young man. If she introduces political economy, or metaphysics, or geology, or primitive man, to the youth who sits next her at dinner, or to her partner in the dance, she finds that he is not interested. If he is a stupid young man, of course his dulness needs no explanation. If he is known to be a clever young man, yet he is not responsive. If Heloisa could see into his heart, she would find that he is grumbling at having "shop" talked to him. His college friends, Smith or Brown, will entertain him with "the Notion," with "categories," with neolithic talk, with discourse about everything that is "high" or "higher," in walks round the place called Mesopotamia or on the Trumpington Road. It is to help him to forget that kind of thing for a while that he is conversing with Heloisa. Now this is a hard thing, and difficult to be borne. It is hard for both sides; hard for the man, who is bored; and for the woman, who thinks herself snubbed. Nay, there are some young men so lost to a sense of the respect they owe to women that they will draw their learned companion out, as they say. The worst of an education conducted on the principles we have described, the worst of the "culture" imparted by the educational flirt, is its wordiness, its shallowness. The pupils have misunderstood almost all the "tips" (as they are technically called) of their teacher. They know many things, like Margites, but they know them all wrong. To young men with more humor than courtesy it seems not unamusing to listen to a flow of pretty blunders from the lips of ladies who are happy in the belief that they are displaying an intimate acquaintance with the philosophy of Kant or the theory of Noïré. But the joke is one which soon palls, and it is difficult indeed for the modern Diotima to find a Socrates, a humble-minded man who will sit at her feet and be her pupil. Thus education by flirtation is a very one-sided game. To play at it one should be able to move about freely, and choose new partners every three months.

Cynics have asked whether the ardent desire of woman to be educated has produced that new variety of man, the educational flirt, or whether the existence of educational flirts has produced the novel wish to be educated. It is impossible to give a direct answer to this question. Flirtation and education, the study of mathematics and political economy by ladies, the study of ladies and of their "character" by men, have advanced together. They act and react on each other;

their influences cannot be disentangled. If we are very earnest believers in the higher education of women, we may look on the educational flirt as an unconscious instrument in the spread of learning. He flits about like the bee to amuse himself and gather honey; but he scatters a good deal of learned dust as he flits. He is not always a very candid person; he may not always know his own intentions very clearly; but, on the whole, his influence is not all bad. This is not a very high compliment, to be sure, for the influence of war, pestilence, and famine seems to many philosophers to be beneficial in the long run. When education has become a recognized and organized thing, when all women who care for it are instructed like men, as a matter of course, the occupation of the didactic flirt will be gone. He will no longer have the charm of rarity and mystery. He will turn out to be no wiser

than his brethren. He will cease to seem to possess strange secrets and hidden lore. No one will believe in him; he will be found out and will be reduced to the rank of other unprivileged men. While he is as dear to the fair as "the officers" were to Miss Austen's Liddy and Kitty, his fellow-men speak harshly of him, and "cannot see what women see in him." Soon he will have to discover some new way of being interesting, for the class of "dons of the world" has no permanent qualities. Meantime its members, if we may judge by ladies' novels, have temporarily succeeded to the old heroic hero, the brutally rude hero, the tenderly religious hero, and the ordinary pleasant young man. One drawback in their characters is certain to prove fatal to them with the novelist. They are too apt to shake their light wings and flit on, leaving a novel and a flirtation to end not well.

PROF. S. P. THOMPSON has reprinted his valuable address on "Technical Education," given at the Social Science Congress last October. In this time of intense depression, when trade seems to be drifting from our shores, and people are wondering how it is that other nations are outstripping us in departments that used to be considered as peculiarly British, Prof. Thompson's remarks on the ignorance of our mechanics are peculiarly appropriate. One telling instance he gives of the lamentable want of intelligent skill that prevails among workmen and manufacturers in this country: "I was recently informed by Prof. Graham Bell that he is about to return to America to resume his researches in telephony, his principal reason for quitting his native shores once more being that he found himself, in this country, unable to get his ideas carried out, unable to procure workmen capable of comprehending and carrying out new ideas, such workmen, in fact, as he was able to employ during his four years' residence in America. He pointed to the laboratory of Mr. Edison as an example of an institution to which there is no parallel in this country, though there are several in the States, a laboratory equipped with a staff of trained workmen, Americans, Germans, or Englishmen, whose business is not to work on old lines, but to carry out and put into practical form new and untried devices. No wonder inventions multiply when inventors have so powerful an aid as this to further their designs; and, mark this, Mr. Bell returns to set up a similar laboratory because he cannot find in his native country men whose technical training would qualify them for his particular work." In a note Mr.

Thompson gives the following paragraph from a letter of Prof. Graham Bell to a friend in America which has been going the round of the American press: "If you want to know why inventors are more numerous in America than they are here, come and live for six months in England. If you wish to know how it feels to be brimfull of ideas, and yet to be unable to have one of them executed, come to England. If you wish to know how it feels to have to wait for a month to have the simplest thing made, and then be charged a man's wages for two months, come to England. You will here be unable to see the interior of a workshop or to come into direct contact with your workmen, and the people seem incapable of working except in the ruts worn by their predecessors. They are absolutely incapable of calculating any new design without the most laborious oversight from the inventor, and their masters, instead of encouraging invention, do all they can to put a stop to it by refusing admission to the workshops and charging the most exorbitant prices for experimental work, avowedly because 'they don't want such kind of work,' 'it gives more trouble than it is worth;' and 'if you must have new things made you must expect to pay for them'! It is in vain that I say I am willing to pay anything to have my work done, and that what I object to is having to pay for not having it done. It is the same everywhere. Not only is your work not done, but you have to wait so long for the simplest things that your ideas cool, and you get quite exasperated at your inability to do anything." The moral of all this is obvious.

Nature.